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VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

HEAVY HOURS.

ROSE was well enough on the morrow to take her usual place at the dinner table, and for some time there was no further occasion for the two belligerents to meet *tête-à-tête*. When the necessity again presented itself, Don Pio infallibly occupied her place, serving as a buffer to prevent collisions between the father and son-in-law. From the moment of her reaching Rumelli, Rose was, without being positively ill, never quite well. She was a constant sufferer from all the ailments and inconveniences incidental to her situation. It seemed as if it happened so, on purpose to confirm her father's suspicions of insincerity or worse on Vincenzo's part.

Don Pio made sunshine or rain at the Palace. When he did not call during the day, which was seldom, the Signor Avvocato was sure to send for him. It needed no long observation on Vincenzo's part, to get at the root of Don Pio's influence. What the adroit attentions and winning ways of Don Natale's assistant had begun, Don Natale's demise achieved. The sad event, though far from unexpected, had forcibly struck the Signor Avvocato's imagination, and ever since a terror of approaching death had never ceased to haunt him. Fear of death had given birth to other fears. He was the more accessible to all sorts of alarms, from having lived all his life more

as a philosopher than a Christian. He had certainly gone to Mass on Sundays, and abstained from meat in Lent, and received the Sacrament at Easter, but only because others did so, and that the not doing so might involve him in a scrape with the powers that were. As was the case with many others of the generation to which he belonged, a reaction took place in his mind against a religion lowered by an ill-inspired policy to being a means of government and a tool of oppression.

It is easy to see at a glance all the advantages which the Signor Avvocato's new phase of feeling afforded to an intelligent man of the world, and a priest into the bargain. While in the former character he soothed with his sympathy, and by the suggestion of common-place expedients for the ailments of the body—which were Legion, if the invalid's fancy were to be trusted—in the latter, he probed the wounds of the soul, pouring into them the oil of hope, the balm of mercy. The old gentleman was soon like wax in Don Pio's hands, and readily abjured all the errors of his past life, the political ones included. Could old Del Palmetto have risen from his grave, he would have willingly saluted and acknowledged, as a brother Codino of the first water, his once political antagonist. A few months under the influence of Don Pio had changed the old sceptic into a believer, an edification for all the village; the *ci-devant* liberal into a most ardent opponent of Cavour

and the Statuto ; the writer of the famous epistle to the Principal of the Seminary into a fanatic partisan of monks and nuns of all colours and denominations. Better late than never.

His external habits also had undergone a great alteration. All the little activity which he had still possessed before Rose's departure for Chambery, was now gone. He never went out for a morning's walk, as had been his wont, seldom indeed left his room before one o'clock, which was the dinner hour. In the afternoon he had an armchair placed in front of the house door, and there he enjoyed a nap. Since his return to Rumelli in the end of March, he had not been once to Ibella, and talked of remaining all the year round at the Palace. He had renounced his musical studies altogether—the legal consultations were few and far between. His only occupation was to search for and discover fresh maladies in himself, and to brood and groan over the old and the new ones. This was taking the proportions of a mania—he could speak of nothing else but his distempers. He carried about him a pocket looking-glass, and watched the changes in his physiognomy with childish anxiety. His terror of sitting in a draught was unceasing. This perpetual pre-occupation about himself rendered him exacting, peevish, querulous, irritable, often to a degree which few could stand. Don Pio alone could at all times manage him—his very presence, the mere sound of his voice, had, like David's harp on Saul, an instantaneous soothing effect on the old gentleman's disturbance of body or mind.

Don Pio knew his power and used it for his own ends, but never made a parade of it ; quite the contrary, he studiously dissembled it—dissembled it most studiously from him over whom he exercised it, and who, while not so much as moving his little finger independently of the impulse given, yet thought himself a free agent, and gave himself the airs of being such ; so gentle and skilful was the hand by which he was managed. Not the keenest eye nor ear could have detected, in the bearing or

speech of Don Pio, the least particle of the self-consciousness of a man aware of his own importance. Deferential, without servility, to the master of the house, affable and companionable, without familiarity, to Vincenzo, paternally condescending to Rose, full of grave amenity towards the household, such as he had been on his first setting foot in the Palace, a perfect stranger, such he was now, when he found himself always welcomed there, an honoured guest of nearly twelve months' standing.

We said that Don Pio knew his power and used it for his own ends. We would have none imagine that these were sordid ones. The glorification of the Church, that is, the realization of the universal acknowledgment of the supremacy of Rome and the autocracy of the order to which he belonged—Don Pio aspired to no lesser aim ; an ambition a little out of date, perhaps you will say, but lofty at all events. The grinding to dust of all that came in the way of this consummation, formed, of course, a natural corollary to the above premises.

Rose was poorly two days out of three ; yet she never showed any impatience. The physicians, repeatedly summoned at her father's request, declared one and all that there were no symptoms about her to cause any anxiety. Hers was by no means an uncommon case—repose, a mind kept unruffled, tepid baths, they prescribed nothing further. Rose spent the greater part of the day with her father and Don Pio. Her husband was relegated to the back-ground—not that she showed any ill-humour or unkindness to him ; on the contrary, now that that perpetual cause of irritation, his appointment under Government, no longer stood between them, her easy-going nature had taken the upper hand again ; only she did not evince, nor indeed feel, any want of intimate communication with her husband. Nay, the frequent fits of tenderness which would seize on Vincenzo's heart, impelling him towards the mother of his hoped-for child, found no response from her. Their intercourse was that of two

well-bred and not unsympathizing persons in a boarding-house—polite, good-natured, but devoid of cordiality.

Barnaby, lost in the solution of the insolvable problem, how to reconcile claims so contradictory, so exclusive of each other, looked more like a fish out of water, than the old fire-eater of former days. Often of an afternoon, when father, daughter, and son-in-law had chairs in the front of the house, Barnaby would make one of the mournful party, and from the top of the marble balustrade, where he usually seated himself, speculate long and intently upon the countenances opposite to him, as if to single out the most forlorn of them, and that consequently of the person most entitled to consideration. Failing to do which, he would rise up, turn round and round, dog-like, and then depart in high dudgeon ; or, suppose his inspection had succeeded, which might be the case now and then, he would turn a cold shoulder for days and days to the one momentarily condemned, whether it was his master or Vincenzo. Barnaby was now past eighty.

As dull and melancholy an interior as a Trappist could wish for ; enough to damp the highest spirits—and those of Vincenzo, we know, could not but be at a low ebb ! Debarred of all congenial or intellectual intercourse, incessantly haunted by the sense of his virtual usefulness and his actual uselessness, wounded in his self-respect, his affections, and his convictions at every moment, Vincenzo, worried and harassed, dragged on his burden, day after day, with about the same readiness or willingness with which the galley-slave drags his chain behind him. *Ennui*, heavy, poignant deadly *ennui*, was gnawing at his heart's core, from morning till night, with perhaps occasionally the diversion of a fit of rage, which made him tear his hair and knock his head against the first wall in his way. His Report, at which he worked steadily, had lost the charm it formerly possessed, of making him forget the disagreeables that beset him on all sides ; nor had he any longer that entire confidence in the

soundness of the ideas he was developing, which had at Chambery given to his task somewhat of the zest of a good action. Indeed, he was not now sure that all his lucubrations were not downright nonsense ; still, the only bearable ones of the twenty-four were those hours—those long hours—of the night which he spent at his desk in the solitude of the garret. For, to avoid disturbing the slumber of his wife, whose bedroom on the second floor adjoined his, he had made the attic he occupied as a boy his nocturnal study, to which he withdrew immediately after supper, there to remain till midnight. Barnaby, indeed, who slept on the same story, would pretty often creep into this den of Vincenzo's ; but his presence scarcely interfered with its quiet : the old man rarely spoke, though he would sit for hours together watching, as a faithful dog might do, the quaint evolutions of his favourite in the heat of composition, who, by turns, urged his pen at full gallop, stopped it, bit it, twisted his moustache and whiskers as though determined to screw out of them what he wanted, or, suddenly rising with an impatient jerk, began to stride up and down the room.

Nearly three months had crawled on in this deadly monotony when, one night in early September, Signora Candia was suddenly taken ill. For thirty hours she suffered terribly, and then, alas ! received no compensation—the poor little baby was born only to die. This grievous issue took none more by surprise than the medical men who had been in attendance from the first—they were at a loss how to reconcile the mishap with the strong constitution of Signora Candia ; unless, indeed, there had been some accident, such as a fall, or some imprudence. Rose faintly denied having met with any accident or committed any imprudence. Vincenzo, however, when the subject was talked over in his presence, at once mentioned that his wife had fallen on the day of her arrival at the palace, as she was alighting from the carriage ; nor did he dissemble the misgivings that he had

felt at the time and afterwards. These misgivings the Signor Avvocato pooh-poohed as sheer nonsense, stoutly asserting that Rose's fall scarcely deserved to be called such ; it was not then she had been hurt ; no, the cause of the misfortune, whatever it was, must be sought for in something that had occurred anterior to her arrival at home. The Signor Avvocato upheld this opinion of his with a sharpness, and a peremptoriness of tone, quite unaccountable to the men of medicine, yet which warned them that it would be better to avoid all further questions on the subject.

Rose's state of prostration bordered on annihilation. One of the doctors remained at the palace in anxious expectation of what the night might bring. It brought nothing good—violent fever accompanied by delirium. By break of day, however, entire consciousness returned, but the patient was in a most precarious condition. She felt this herself, and succeeded in forcing from the doctor an acknowledgment of the fact. She begged for and obtained a promise that her father should not be made aware of her danger so long as any, the least hope remained, and then asked for the Sacraments, which were administered to her by Don Pio. Her composure and serenity did not forsake her for a moment. But her father did not reap any benefit from her kind thoughtfulness, for he no sooner heard of the Sacraments, than he guessed the truth and became frantic with despair. Vincenzo, all heart-broken as he was, found strength enough to comfort the weak old man ; and, for the first time since his arrival, a mutual overpowering feeling, setting aside for a while past and present feuds, threw father and son into each other's arms, and mingled their tears.

After more than a fortnight of awful suspense, Rose's strong constitution turned the scale on the side of life ; yet, before she had rallied sufficiently to bear the fatigue of removal to Ibella, another month had to elapse. As a long medical treatment was considered indispensable to her complete recovery,

it had been decided that she must be taken to the town, so as to be within easier and speedier reach of the faculty. Rose improved slowly but steadily. The winter happened to be mild and dry, another circumstance in her favour. With the same admirable patience with which she had borne her bodily discomforts prior to her illness, did she now bear the inconveniences of her convalescence. Forbidden as she was to walk, even so much as to put her foot to the ground, and that for weeks and weeks together, no complaint ever passed her lips. Her father and husband were unremitting in their care. Vincenzo read to her, held her skeins of worsted while she wound them, entertained her with amusing stories and lively talk, carried her from her bed to her sofa, from her sofa to her bed, supported her when she was first allowed to take a few steps, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that his attentions were received with a show of pleasure, to which, since their honey-moon, he had been little accustomed. The shadow of death which had passed over her, the foretaste she had had of maternity, evidently had softened some of the sharp angles of her character, and disposed her to look upon her husband with more of forbearance and gentleness. The thought that she had been so nearly snatched away from him exercised an equally wholesome influence upon the husband ; his tenderness for her revived, and much of the past was thrown into the shade.

Other causes coincided to make him less despondent and gloomy. The change from the palace to Ibella was of itself a great mitigation of his situation. Ibella, though more than sufficiently dull, was not half so dull as the palace. There he did not feel so entirely out of the current of the rest of the world ; he had within his reach newspapers, which told him that there was life yet stirring in the country ; and, if he did not meet with lofty intellects, a rare item everywhere, he at least found congenial spirits and warm hearts, with ideas, and hopes, and aspirations in

common with his own. Then, Don Pio's disagreeable shadow no longer everlastingly crossed his path. Don Pio, indeed, called oftener than Vincenzo deemed necessary, for he made his appearance once or twice a week—but that was nothing to his daily visits at Rumelli. Is it needful to say that time had not abated Vincenzo's strong aversion to the young priest? Vincenzo in his heart held him responsible for the deplorable state of subjection and quasi-imbecility to which the Signor Avvocato was reduced. Vincenzo was further convinced—and in that he was not mistaken—that Don Pio had done anything but serve him in the past with his godfather, and that he would do anything but serve him in the future.

The better feeling which pervaded the intercourse between husband and wife did not, unluckily, extend to that between father and son-in-law. On the contrary, each day, especially since they had been in the town, seemed to add to their mutual estrangement. That, indeed, on the part of the old gentleman, assumed every now and then the character of a confirmed hatred. By what new offence had Vincenzo drawn upon himself this recrudescence of wrath? By the most unpardonable one which a disappointed old man's fancy could create. The Signor Avvocato had longed for a grandchild with all the obstinacy and intensity of a senile passion. At first, his regrets at the failure of his hopes were swallowed up by his all-absorbing anxiety about his daughter; but, when all danger ceased, those regrets broke forth afresh and with renewed vigour, and along with them a sort of mania to ascertain the cause which had deprived him of the coveted treasure. Now, this cause was easily to be found, more particularly by an infatuated old man bent on finding one, and one, too, exclusive of that ridiculous fall, on which Vincenzo, probably not without his reasons, had laid such a stress. An insalubrious climate, vain yearnings after home, contention of mind arising from perpetual quarrels,

Rose had gone through all these; and such were surely enough and to spare, to occasion the mishap. One of the physicians in attendance on Rose, hard pressed on the point, had ended by allowing that all these circumstances combined might have produced an agitation of mind in the mother, which had reacted fatally on the unborn child. This admission was eagerly laid hold of by the Signor Avvocato. It had a threefold advantage in his eyes. Instead of an unseizable irresponsible agency to speculate upon, it gave into his hands a concrete reality on which to hammer away, if need was; it set aside once for all, that ridiculous allegation of the fall; and, lastly, it afforded him a precious weapon wherewith to parry all possible future attempts to separate him from his daughter.

Had these advantages had any share in the putting together of the case presented to the physician? any weight in the conclusion drawn from the physician's admission? If he was biassed, the Signor Avvocato was unconscious of being so. Of this only was he dimly conscious—that perhaps he had treated Rose's fall too lightly, considering that she had been obliged to keep her bed the following day; hence some of his eagerness to persuade himself and others that that fall could not have had, and had not had, any injurious effects on her.

Vincenzo, on his side—who naturally enough had longed for a child to the full as much as the Signor Avvocato for a grandchild, and who had moreover his own special reasons for desiring such an event—Vincenzo, we say, was cut to the quick by the overthrow of all his hopes, and felt more than reasonably embittered against him who had been the occasion of this mortification. For, without Rose's scruples as to alarming her father, ten to one but that which had happened would not have happened. Vincenzo, truth to say, had too much sense to make his father-in-law formally answerable for a result to which he had unknowingly been instrumental; still, he could not overcome a feeling of irri-

tation against the man without whom that result in all likelihood would not have been brought about. Great or small, we have all of us this in common with children—we are ready to blame the stone which makes us stumble. Vincenzo, accordingly, was far too exasperated to put up with the Signor Avvocato's airs of superiority and more open provocations; skirmishes were frequent and sharp—generally, however, in Rose's absence; they mostly occurred at dinner-time, as for many weeks she did not come to table.

The mildness of the winter had proved an excellent auxiliary to the physician's prescriptions. By the middle of February, 1856, Rose was all but well; fresh air and exercise were all she now required to bring back her strength and colour; in short, to complete her cure. The weather was enchanting, the sun genially warm. Why should they not hasten, by a month or so, their return to the palace? asked the Signor Avvocato. Ibella had become odious to him: his temporary alliance with the late Del Palmetto had rendered him unpopular with the ultra-liberal youths of the rising generation; his present apostasy had alienated from him the whole of the moderate party; even many of his old friends had entirely dropped him. And then he missed Don Pio, his favourite physician for mind and body. The physicians made no objections to the proposal; Rose was delighted; Vincenzo said nothing, but looked anything but pleased. And so, *nem. con.*, the quarters of the family were shifted to Rumelli.

Rose's first care, once there, was, after having duly confessed and communed, to present a votive offering of a large swaddled babe in massive silver to the altar of the Madonna, to whose particular intercession she attributed her recovery; the ex-voto accompanied by the gift of a rich set of sacerdotal vestments from her, and a pair of silver candlesticks from her father. The presentation was made with great pomp, all the bells ringing; it gave occasion for a little extra fête in the village; old

and young flocking to witness the proceedings, and to see the young lady of the palace once more restored to health. Rose was sincerely loved and respected by her poorer neighbours; nor had the partial loss of popularity which her father had sustained in consequence of his retired habits, peevish humour, and almost total withdrawal of his legal advice to the needy, in any way lowered the tone of general good will to the daughter.

The change of abode worked no perceptible change in the dispositions or relations of our three chief actors to one another; only that Vincenzo, owing to the frequent presence of Don Pio, was far more separated from his wife than at Ibella. Her father or Don Pio was constantly between them. Don Pio had become Rose's confessor, a circumstance which had not diminished his hold upon her; her religious fervour was evidently on the increase; she took the Sacrament almost every Sunday, and, by preference, made the parish church the goal of the daily walks prescribed to her, and remained there to hear a mass. Her husband accompanied her to Rumelli and back, and these were the only moments of privacy which he had with her. In this manner week after week passed away rather drearily and monotonously.

By the end of March, Rose had completely regained her youthful bloom and spirits, and every one she saw complimented her on her good looks. Now or never was the moment for Vincenzo to strike a blow for his emancipation. He had waited until his wife's recovery of strength should be a matter of public notoriety, in order to meet all objections founded on the plea of her delicate health. Should he delay longer, he felt that his continued inaction might be later claimed as a right by prescription. To spur himself on, he sent to Onofrio the last part of his Report, finished long ago, explaining the cause of its not having sooner been forwarded, and announcing his return to Turin *within two months at furthest*. Then he watched for an opportunity to broach the subject

first to his wife. There was an undefined something about her looks and in her manners, a something of new-born warmth and softness, which made him hope.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STAG AT BAY.

ONE fine morning in early April, Vincenzo said to Rose, "Let us go and see if the honey-suckle in your arbour is going to blossom soon." Rose having graciously assented, they took their way thither. The sun shone bright and warm, the birds called amorously to each other, the trees and shrubs quivered under the tepid breath of spring. It was on just such a day as this, at the same season, almost at the same hour, that exactly two years ago they had walked hand in hand, a happy affianced couple, along this very alley of old chestnut trees on their way to this very same bower. His heart full of these memories, Vincenzo felt encouraged to speak out his mind ; taking one of Rose's dimpled hands in his, he said—and said it in a voice grave yet slightly tremulous with contending emotions—"It is hardly twenty-two months since you consented to be mine, and to share the weal or woe of life with me, dear." A light gleamed in Rose's eyes which seemed to the speaker vaguely responsive to the softening influences at work in his own soul. Vincenzo went on, "Am I right in thinking, Rose, that you have not become utterly indifferent to me?"

"You are quite right," said Rose ; "only you might have worded your question less modestly."

"I must be of a very sanguine nature indeed to have worded it otherwise. However, that is not the subject I have in hand. I may then take it for granted that you still feel a little interest in me—enough, for instance, to prompt you to make a small sacrifice in order to avert a danger from me."

"No doubt," said Rose, "always supposing the danger be a real one."

"I leave you to judge of that. Look

at my face, Rose. Do I look like a man in good health ? And mark this ; the havoc on the surface is nothing to the havoc within. I am growing sickly—growing wicked ; this is the double danger from which I call on you to save me."

"With all my heart, if I can," said Rose, suddenly alive, for the first time, to the precociously care-worn appearance of the young man's features. "What is it you wish me to do?"

"Help me out of a situation injurious both to body and mind ; help me to substitute for the paralyzing incubus of forced idleness the healthy stimulus of congenial occupation."

"In other words," said Rose, "you ask me to renew an experiment which failed most miserably, and which, in all probability, would fail again most miserably."

"Not if we tried it wisely and in a spirit of conciliation—failure always brings with it a little wisdom. For my part, I have grown wise enough to make every concession that is compatible with the end I have in view. I am ready to accept work, I declare, on almost any terms."

"Why not accept it here, then?" hastened to say Rose.

"Not here ; for I could have none that would answer the requirements of my nature. I must have real work homogeneous to my bent of mind and to my profession."

"And where's the difficulty of finding that here?" persisted Rose. "Why shouldn't you do what papa used to do, give legal advice to all the people round about ? You could have a room all to yourself to see your clients in ; and, as soon as it is known that you are ready to be consulted, I am sure you will not want for business."

"Ah ! to be sure, plenty of business—but of what sort ? the trespass of a pig or cow into a neighbour's orchard ; a disputed right of way across a meadow, or of drawing water from some well ; and such like. You don't expect that my mind should be satisfied with such pabulum. And, then, why should

I not have my honest labour properly requited ; which is entirely out of the question here ? ”

“ I see,” said Rose, with a grimace of disappointment, “ that nothing will content you but an office under Government.”

“ You don’t do justice, Rose, to the ultra-conciliatory spirit I show. I have just been saying that I was ready to accept work on almost any terms. A situation under Government, I confess, would best suit my capabilities and my tastes ; but I am not blind to the dangers such a situation would have for our future good understanding ; and, if you still object to it . . . ”

“ I do,” interrupted Rose.

“ Well, if you do, I make no difficulties in setting aside my wishes.”

“ That is very kind,” said Rose, “ and I thank you very much.”

“ But it is a concession,” continued Vincenzo, “ which costs me a great effort, and for which I have a right to expect some more substantial return than your thanks, however agreeable they are.”

“ How self-interested you have grown ! ” said Rose, jokingly.

“ A little so, but for your sake also,” answered Vincenzo, following her lead ; “ because, after all, it is you who would have to bear the burden of a sickly or a wicked husband.” Then, changing his tone to one of sober earnest, he said impressively, “ Believe me, Rose, there is more at stake on the issue of our present conversation than you, or perhaps even I, wot of.”

“ What is your proposal ? ” asked Rose.

“ To do at Turin what you pressed me just now to do here—to establish myself there as a barrister.”

“ Of course you can do that if you choose ; for my part I neither make nor shall make any objections to your doing so ; only I hope you do not expect me to go with you, and to leave papa.”

“ Persuade your father to go with us, and then every difficulty will be smoothed away—the Gordian knot cut. You know that he likes Turin, and so do you.”

“ True, but we both like this place best.”

“ I asked of you a concession, and the word implies a little sacrifice.”

“ And then,” continued Rose, “ papa must change his habits ; and it is not safe, at his time of life, to change anything in his mode of living.”

“ It may be so ; I’ll not insist on that point. I will limit my request to this ; get your father to agree to spend henceforth, at Turin, the three months or so of the winter which he passes at Ibella. It will be a clear gain for him ; his body and mind will equally benefit by the movement and the change. As far as I could judge while there, Ibella has lost all its attractions for him.”

“ He certainly does not like it as well as he used to do, said Rose ; “ well, now, supposing that I am able to induce papa to spend the three winter months at Turin, what is to come of him during the remaining nine months of the year ? ”

“ Say during the remaining seven ; for the vacation months of August and September we shall be together here. As to those seven months, I give you *carte blanche*, Rose. If your heart prompts you to pass them all with your father, I shall not complain ; if it inclines you to bestow on me a half, or a third, or any part whatever, I shall be thankful. Perhaps your father might be easily prevailed on to come with you to see me occasionally for a fortnight or so ; however, in one word, manage it as you best like. At any rate I shall always come to see you every Sunday while our separation lasts. Tell me, can I be more reasonable, or more accommodating ? ”

“ Accommodating with a vengeance,” said Rose, piqued in a manner that never would have been the case six months before. “ So long as you can have your hobby, you care little for anything or any one else—your wife included.”

“ How can you say that, when I have just told you that I should see you once at least in every week that God makes ? If you were a man, Rose, you would understand the perfect compatibility of

what you call my hobby with fond and deep-rooted affections. You would indeed."

"As I am not a man, I have no choice but to try and believe you," said Rose. "You don't think me so ridiculous, I hope, as to be . . . what shall I call it—over-exacting?"

"Jealous was the word you had on the tip of your tongue," said Vincenzo. "Would to God you were—that would be a proof that you loved me—but it isn't in your nature; to be jealous, I mean."

"I dare say not, and I am not sorry for it," said Rose, with a blush. "However, to return to the point; I will think over your plan, and give you my answer to-morrow."

"Why not now?" urged Vincenzo, putting his arm gently round her waist, and drawing her close to his bosom. They were by this time seated side by side in the belvedere.

"No, not now," said Rose; "I must sleep upon it, ere I give my decision: if my comfort alone were concerned in the change you propose, I would not hesitate to say, yes; but, where papa's well-being is also at stake, I must act with caution."

Nothing that Vincenzo could say had the least effect in altering her determination. Of this he might rest assured, that she had the greatest wish in the world to do what was agreeable to him, if possible. He had made, to please her, far too great a concession in giving up all idea of any appointment under Government, for her not to be desirous of showing her sense of his considerateness to the best of her power.

Vincenzo had an obvious reason for pressing for an answer on the spot; he apprehended Don Pio's interference during any delay, and he had it twenty times on his lips to beseech her not to take the priest into her confidence. However, he refrained from doing so, on reflecting that, if she had made up her mind that way, his request would be useless; if she had not, then it might be dangerous, inasmuch as it would prompt that which he most

wished avoided. As it was, he had every reason to be satisfied with the reception his overture had met with. True that, to give it some chance of acceptance, he had had to reduce his pretensions to the lowest figure; and it was with a cruel struggle that he had pronounced those fatal words which consummated his divorce from a career which, from the taste he had already had of it, he knew to be so well suited to his powers and inclinations. But the unceasing reflections of now nearly a twelvemonth had brought him gradually to feel the utter hopelessness of obtaining his wife's acquiescence in any compromise which had not as its basis the renunciation of all official employment.

The book-worm, sedentary life of a barrister, which for some time must necessarily be a briefless one, had little attraction for a young man of Vincenzo's broad sympathies and active spirit. His mind was too keenly engrossed by the political questions of the day to find congenial food in the respectable, though comparatively narrow, interests of *meum et tuum*. Still there were points on which the practice of the bar commingled with politics, when forensic eloquence became the surest safeguard of all liberties; and these particular points it was Vincenzo's intention most sedulously to cultivate and make his special walk. Not a few Turinese advocates had gained fame and popularity by their defence of Journalism, prosecuted by the Crown, as also in the seeking of legal redress for abuses of power committed by responsible agents. Then, there was that platform, to which every one was at liberty to bring all questions, and from which the cause of truth and progress might still be modestly, but usefully advocated, viz. the Daily Press; with frequent recurrence to which Vincenzo had promised himself to fill the gap between one brief and the other. Next to drawing up reports of the nature of that which has been entrusted to him in Savoy, furnishing articles to a newspaper was the task which, perhaps, was best suited to the young man's talents

and likings. By these means Vincenzo trusted he should be able to create for himself an amount of intellectual excitement and interest, sufficient, if not to make his life a happy one, to prevent, at least, existence being a burden to him.

Unluckily for him, all his calculations were destined to come to nothing. Rose had been already long gone to the village, when he went in search of her next morning—an unpromising sign to begin with; and a worse one still was the confusion she showed at seeing him when he met her coming out of the church. He offered her his arm, remarking that she must have got up unusually early. She said yes, for that it was one of her days of confession.

"And," continued Vincenzo, with an appearance of perfect calm, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Indeed I have, and I wish it were something more agreeable for you," said Rose; "but really, upon consideration, I cannot agree to your yesterday's proposal."

Rose felt the arm on which she was leaning shake as though struck with palsy.

"And why not?" asked he, clenching his teeth to keep in his passion.

Rose said hurriedly, "For several reasons. I will tell you by-and-bye."

"You need not. I know the real one. Don Pio has forbidden you to do so."

"You go too far, Vincenzo," cried Rose.

"Not a bit. He did not make use of the word—he is too wily for that—but he gave you to understand what to do, and you do it. Everybody orders you about, everybody is listened to, except your husband. Blind, blind, blind that you are. But what's the use of appealing to you? You are the tool, and his the hand which wields it. It is he whom I ought, and shall call to account." And, suddenly disengaging his wife's arm from his, Vincenzo took his way back to the church. Rose ran after him—

"Pray, pray don't. You can't expect Don Pio to change his mind."

"I shall curse him, at all events, for the injury he inflicts upon me; and there will be some comfort in doing that."

"If you do, it is all over between us," cried Rose, now also in a passion.

"It is long since it was all over between us," retorted Vincenzo. "I am prepared for all consequences. I am tired of being for ever trampled in the dust, tired of for ever playing the part of a worm—once more I lift up my head, assert the dignity of a man. Accept, purely and simply, my yesterday's proposal, or—"

Rose made no answer, but turned towards the palace. Vincenzo, one minute after, stood in the well-known parlour of the parsonage.

Don Pio was reading his breviary: as he raised his eyes from his book, and fixed them on Vincenzo's agitated countenance, he perceived the signs of a forthcoming stormy interview, and at once buckled on his armour. With bland composure of mien and manner, he rose, uttered a polite welcome, and with a courteous wave of the hand motioned to a chair. There is for the gently-bred a positive spell in forms. Heated to a white heat as he was, and far more disposed to break than to pour out the phial of his wrath on the tonsured head bowing so civilly to him, Vincenzo felt the charm, and the ex abrupto address which quivered on his lips was replaced almost unconsciously by a dry,

"I wish for a few moments' conversation with you, Sir, if it may suit your convenience."

"I am quite at your service, Signor Candia," returned Don Pio. "Pray be seated."

Vincenzo sat down, and began: "I desire to state to you, Reverendo, that I had occasion yesterday to communicate to my wife a decision on which I have long meditated, and which I have so arranged as to conciliate my duties and feelings with her feelings and inclinations. To satisfy her wishes, I made great sacrifices in my own plans. My wife understood this, and was disposed to yield me a graceful acquiescence. In this reasonable frame of mind she

went to rest last night. This morning, a moment ago, I met her returning from a conference with you, and received from her a decided refusal to my proposals—a refusal for which I hold you responsible, and have come to call you to account. How dare you, sir, meddle in my domestic affairs, and thwart my arrangements ?”

“Allow me to observe, Signor Candia, that your manner of speaking is somewhat intemperate,” replied the priest, a shade of pallor alone betraying his emotion, his voice remaining composed and paternally grave. “Having made this remark, I shall now reply to your accusation, that, in point of fact, I had so little intention to meddle, as you call it, in your domestic concerns, and thwart your arrangements, that until this very moment I had not the least idea of your being the originator of this scheme of removal to Turin. Signora Candia mentioned it to me without the least allusion to the quarter from whence it came.”

“Which did not, however, prevent your instantly guessing that it came from me,” interrupted Vincenzo.

“She mentioned it to me,” pursued the priest, without heeding the interruption, “and then asked my advice, which I gave—”

“With more zeal than discretion,” broke in Vincenzo.

“Permit me to be of a different opinion,” returned Don Pio with a sort of haughty serenity ; “as to my right to counsel Signora Candia, I don’t suppose you mean to question that. You are not ignorant that I am her spiritual adviser, and that, as such, I have charge of her soul.”

“Direct her soul as much as you like, but don’t presume to hamper my movements.”

“Not even if your movements endanger her soul ?—”

“No reservations. I don’t admit that they can ever have that effect, and I resent the mere supposition as an insult. I am neither an infidel nor a madman. I am of that age at which the law gives every man authority over himself ; and under no pretext, I warn you, will I

suffer you to interfere with my liberty of action.”

“And I warn you that no threats shall make me swerve from my duty to my penitent.”

“Does it form part of your duty to your penitent to teach her to disobey her husband ?”

“It forms part of my duty to my penitent to deter her from whatever may mar her spiritual welfare, from whatever quarter the temptation comes.”

“In other words, you maintain your right of interference, of censure, and of a final veto against me. Your monstrous theory does nothing less than annul the authority of fathers and husbands.”

“Not at all. It corrects it where it is wrong. The authority of father or husband must be subordinate to that of God.”

“Certainly ; but not to yours—a poor fallible man, as liable to error as I am, priest though you be.”

“You forget, young man,” returned Don Pio, with a slight modulation of his voice, indicating rising irritation, “that the priest, all unworthy as he may be, is the representative upon earth of the authority of God.”

“In the exercise of his ministry, I bow to him as such ; out of it, I look upon him as my equal.”

“I do not admit the distinction. The sacred character conferred by the imposition of the Bishop’s hands is indelible, continuous, indivisible. Perhaps,” wound up the Priest with a sneer, “in Protestant Turin they may think otherwise.”

“Whatever may be thought or not in Turin,” retorted Candia, speaking with concentrated energy, “let me tell you this, Don Pio, much as I wish to live and die as a good Catholic, rather than submit to the yoke of your autocracy, rather than be the bondsman of my wife’s confessor, rather than that I would—”

The keen eager glance of his listener, the glance of a duellist intent on a false move of his antagonist, and prepared to profit by it, cautioned the speaker in time that he had better say no more. He stopped short accordingly, and after

a silence resumed in a tone the calm of which contrasted strongly with the vehemence of the minute before, "Listen to me, Don Pio. You will do me this justice, that I have done my best, in spite of provocation, to live at peace with you !"

"Why, what provocation have I given you ?" asked Don Pio, haughtily.

"I am not ignorant, Don Pio, of how much I owe to your good offices with my father-in-law," said Vincenzo, bitterly. "However, let bygones be bygones. Let us mend the present if possible. Help me to do so, help me to avoid a scandal, for otherwise a scandal there will be, and a great one ; for it is my fixed determination to go to Turin ; with my wife, if she will accompany me, without her, if she refuses. You have only one word to say to bring about this happy result. Say it. Withdraw your opposition to my plan."

"Never !" exclaimed the priest ; "in matters of conscience there can be no possible compromise, and I wonder at you for proposing such to me."

"Consider, Reverendo," urged Rose's husband, much excited, "that some of the scandal which must infallibly ensue will lie at your door. People will say, After all, he only wanted to take his wife with him to Turin, and Don Pio would not let her go."

"Turin is a den of perdition," shouted the Priest. "Never, while I live, will I consent to Signora Candia's going there."

"Consider, Sir," went on the young man, "before it is too late, for your sake as well as for mine, whether it would not be advisable not to drive things to extremities."

"Do you threaten me, Signor Candia ?"

"By no means," replied Vincenzo. "I only plead with warmth such considerations as should, and ought to, incline you to moderation. I am not so utterly powerless as you, perhaps, deem me. I have some influential friends who will stand by me. I have my pen, and the public press is a formidable engine. If you push me to the wall, you may repent it one of these days."

"Young man !" cried the Priest, start-

ing to his feet, "I am as indifferent to your menaces as to the buzz of the flies round me. In the exercise of my ministry, I am ready to endure any persecution."

"It is easy to brave persecution when there is no danger of any," retorted Vincenzo.

He also had risen, and the two stood facing each other—Don Pio with the imperious bearing of offended priestly pride ; Vincenzo with the frank defiance of honest, unrepressed resentment.

"Do you doubt that in defence of the interests of religion I would willingly go to the stake !" asked the Priest, crossing his arms, and drawing himself up to his full height.

Vincenzo fixed his penetrating eyes upon the questioner, and answered, "No, Don Pio, I do not doubt your capabilities for martyrdom : only it is not the interests of religion you have at heart, but those of your caste. You are an excellent partisan, Sir, but a bad priest."

Don Pio shrugged his shoulders scornfully. Vincenzo went on : "Remember the words of Christ, 'The tree is known by his fruit.' Now, what fruit have you borne ? A ministry of peace and love you have turned into one of strife and hatred. Not a day of your sojourn among us but you have marked it by some new mischief. You have estranged from me the heart of my father-in-law ; you have made it a case of conscience for my wife to disobey me ; you have sown the seeds of mistrust and rebellion among your parishioners. Yes, the traditional reverence for their King which, before you came, formed the sole political creed of these simple, ignorant villagers, you have shaken to the root ; you have covertly hinted to them from the pulpit that their King was a son of Belial, a persecutor of religion. . . . And the Signor Avvocato, the good, kindly old man, full of gentle sympathies, both public and private, beaming with benevolence for all—what have you made of him ? You have transformed him into a selfish, morose hypochondriac, having no thought but for his own ailments, haunted day and night by the terrors,

not of religion, but of a miserable superstition. He is become *ut cadaver* in your hands."

"If it is convenient to you, Sir," said Don Pio, "I should not be sorry to be alone."

"I am going," said Vincenzo, moving away, "but you shall have yet a last word from me. Don Pio, I adjourn you to that tribunal where cold-bloodedness and arrogance are of no avail." So saying he turned, and left the house.

He was back at the palace in a twinkling. Rose, behind the curtains of one of the ground-floor windows, was on the watch for him. The moment she saw him enter the house she ran into the passage, and met him, seemingly by accident, with the exclamation, "Oh, here you are! was Don Pio at home?"

"He was," answered Vincenzo.

"And how—did you part?" Rose looked perplexed and disturbed.

"Come, and you shall hear," returned he, taking her by the hand and leading her upstairs to the first floor. The door of what had formerly been the Signor Avvocato's musical retreat stood open, and exhibited the old man, wrapped in a flannel dressing gown, lying down full length on a sofa. Vincenzo walked in, took off his hat, and said, "Sir, I have come, as in duty bound, to inform you of a resolution which I have taken." His tone was calm, nay subdued, but every word came forth with the sharp distinctness of the note of a clarion. "I have made up my mind, Sir," continued Vincenzo, "to go and set up as a barrister in Turin."

"Have you, indeed?" said the Signor Avvocato, lifting himself up a little. The inflection of the voice had a strong infusion of sneer in it, but the look of the speaker was anything but confident; it was rather that of a man more than half frightened. Vincenzo, as he stood there, white to his very lips, his hair flying in disorder about his temples, his eyes flashing like carbuncles, was not a person to trifle with.

"Yes, Sir," resumed the young man, "I need not annoy you with the repetition of the motives which dictate this

course. You know them already: you have admitted their cogency, given them the sanction of your approbation. To these existing motives a new one is now added, which alone would suffice to decide me to leave this place. I have, this very day, had proof that there is an influence here to which my wife pays more deference than to mine—a power above my power with her. Under these circumstances it becomes imperative on me to free myself from this degrading situation, and to take my wife out of so baneful an atmosphere, subversive and destructive of the very essence of marriage—"

"Make your meaning clear, sir," gasped the Signor Avvocato, half-choking with anxiety.

"Therefore," pursued Vincenzo, "here in your presence, I adjure my wife, for the sake of the affection I bear her; I order my wife (if necessary) in the name of the obedience she owes her husband, to follow me to Turin."

"Never!" shouted the old man, springing from the couch with an agility of which he would not have given proof had the palace been on fire. "I forbid her: speak out, Rose; you will not go, will you?"

"He knows that I will not," stammered Rose, in great distress: "I have already told him so."

"There—you have heard her—that settles the matter!" cried the old man, exultingly.

"Sir, I beseech you, I warn you most respectfully, not to encourage my wife in disobedience. You are too good a lawyer, Sir, not to know that the authority of a father goes for nothing against the authority of a husband."

"But I know; as a lawyer, that there are such things as separations on the ground of cruelty."

"Cruelty!" repeated Vincenzo, looking about him as if to make sure he was not dreaming. "If you can make out a case of cruelty against me, I shall give you credit for being the first lawyer in the world."

"Not so difficult as you seem to believe. We shall plead, sir."

"In that case I will have no other advocate than my wife. Be frank, Rose—have I ever treated you with cruelty?"

"I never complained of your having done so," said Rose.

"If your wife chooses to forget or to forgive, I have done neither. I recollect only too well the deplorable condition in which you brought her back to me. If my daughter was delivered of a still-born child—if she was within a hair's-breadth of her grave—it is you she may thank for it; it was your bad treatment brought about the catastrophe."

"Oh, father!" cried Rose, standing before him in earnest deprecation of such a charge. Vincenzo reeled back as if he had received a blow from a club; grasping his hair with both hands, he stood for a while like one stupefied. His face had become livid, his eyes haggard. At last he said, in a low whisper, "May God forgive you, for I cannot." Then, with a sudden burst of fury, "And it is you who bring this monstrous accusation against me, you who—"

Rose rushed to him, clung to his arm with one hand, tried to stop his mouth with the other, exclaiming, "Oh don't, I pray don't speak another word, Vincenzo."

"Stand back! let me alone. I shall and will speak," shouted Vincenzo, frantic with passion. "There are charges which a man cannot bear, which he must resent and repel were they made by his own father;" and, turning to the Signor Avvocato—"Is it you who arraign me for the murder of my child—for the danger of my wife? you, who did it all, if any one did—yes, you who were blind enough not to perceive that your daughter had hurt herself in her fall—you, who were the cause of her despising my entreaties to send for a physician, lest you should be alarmed."

It was the Signor Avvocato's turn to look blank and stunned. His eyes wandered mechanically from Rose to Vincenzo, from Vincenzo to Rose, like one bewildered by fear. "Is what he says true?" asked he of his daughter at last. Rose, for all answer, wrung her hands.

"Is it true?" again asked the old man, with a forlorn air.

"No, no, it is not," faltered Rose; "but indeed he was never cruel to me."

The old man's face grew purple. "Get out of my sight," thundered he, stamping his foot, "you liar, slanderer, calumniator! get out of my sight, villain, or by Jove—"

Rose's false testimony against him had sobered her husband so far as to make him feel the utter uselessness of any further remonstance. He now answered composedly: "I obey your command, sir. It agrees with my own intentions, as you know. I free you from my presence. Rose, you know where to find me, if you wish it. Farewell." And he was gone.

He went up to his attic, made his papers into a bundle, put it under his arm, ran down the stairs again, out of the house, through the terrace, along the avenue, without meeting a soul, and so into the high road. It being mid-day, the general dinner hour, there was nobody out of doors at Rumelli. After having walked at least three miles at a prodigious pace, the great hubbub in his head and heart subsided a little, and then he recollected Barnaby, whom he had for the nonce entirely forgotten; and he blamed himself severely for not having said good-bye to old Barnaby, his trusty, and indeed sole friend at the palace. However, it was now too late; not for the world would he have gone back. He reached Ibella in time for the last train; and by eight in the evening he was in Turin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"LIBERTÀ VA CERCANDO CH'È SÌ CARA."

VINCENZO's long experience of Turin enabled him soon to find a very cheap lodging, a vile hole, in a vile court; he paid a week in advance, left there his bundle of papers, which was indeed all his luggage, and then sallied out in quest of Onofrio. Thorough as was his confidence in Onofrio's willingness to serve him at all times, he could not prevail on himself to go to him without warning, and, as it were, to take his friend's hos-

pitality by storm. His letter, in which, if the reader recollects, he announced his probable return to town *within two months*, was not yet a week old, and here he already was. We must not forget to mention *en passant*, that Vincenzo was still possessed of the greater part, in fact, of three hundred and fifty of those memorable four hundred francs, which he had received from the Minister full a year ago.

Great was Onofrio's surprise, and greater still his pity, at sight of the familiar face, so strikingly changed for the worse, grown so wan and aged. Vincenzo had come resolved to unbosom himself; and at the first word of heartfelt sympathy, elicited by his altered appearance, forth gushed, like lava, the sad tale of his sorrows and grievances, old and new, from first to last, this time without reservation. The young man was too excited, too full of the injustice he had suffered, he stood in too great need of giving vent to his long pent up misery, to think of hiding any of the wounds from which he was bleeding. On the contrary, it was a relief to exhibit them in their complete nudity, to probe them to their full depth. The unfeigned emotion of the listener was scarcely second to that of the narrator. Onofrio declared that never, in all his experience of family feuds, had he heard of a case more painfully complicated and of a more aggravated character than that of his friend.

"Better that it should be so," said Vincenzo, emphatically; "better that I should have been so driven by the force of irresistible circumstances, for, had the situation been less extreme, less untenable, I should not feel so entirely justified as I do, for having extricated myself from it, at any cost. It is a serious step, my dear friend—I can speak of it with knowledge; I thought of it for months and months, till my head was ready to burst—it is a serious step to abandon one's wife, to part with one's father-in-law, when that father-in-law (here Vincenzo's voice grew husky) is also one's benefactor, and was to all intents and purposes like one's own father

—it is a serious step, and which nothing can make legitimate except an absolute necessity. But I am so far satisfied," continued Vincenzo, his voice once more clear and steady, "that I did my duty to the last, and that, consistently with what a man owes to himself, I could do no more. So there's an end of it. My conscience is at ease, thank God; and here I am a new and unfettered man, with plenty of good will and work in me, which I shall be too happy to give in payment for my daily bread."

The topic of ways and means being thus broached, Signor Onofrio expressed himself very sanguinely as to Vincenzo's finding the means of supporting himself, more sanguinely probably than the good Samaritan that he was, he felt that this was not the moment for starting difficulties, but for comforting and encouraging where there was so much need of encouragement and comfort.

"Don't trouble thyself about the crust of bread," said Onofrio; "with God's help we'll find thee that, and a bit of cheese too. In the meantime thou wilt come and stay with me."

To this Vincenzo would not consent; not at least until he had earned enough to pay for his board, as formerly.

"I'll give thee credit," said Onofrio, smiling. "Proud, stupid fellow that thou art, canst thou not see that by becoming my debtor thou makest sure of my finding something for thee to do in order that I may reimburse myself?"

Pressed in so gracious a manner, it was impossible to resist. Vincenzo yielded with eyes far from dry; only he stipulated for leave to sleep that night in the room he had hired. It was past midnight when he took his way thither, comforted and soothed to a degree at which he was himself the first to wonder.

Let us now explain why Signor Onofrio was far less confident of his ability to serve his young friend than he chose to appear. We forbore to mention at the time, because we were aware it could be more usefully done at this place, that Vincenzo's untimely resignation, just after receiving such marked proofs of

his patron the Minister's satisfaction, had piqued this personage more than was reasonable—the best of men, we know, will be touchy sometimes—and had been the occasion of an hour's misunderstanding between the Minister and Onofrio.

"I beg of you," had said the Minister, "not in future to waste your interest on fools."

"Wait until I recommend somebody to you again," had retorted Onofrio.

So that there was an end to any opening in that quarter, Onofrio being a man to suffer a thousand deaths rather than eat his own words. He also had his weak point, as we see. When Vincenzo's letter came, bringing the news of his speedy return to Turin, Onofrio began at once to look sharply about him for something suitable, and, to his great mortification, found nothing but a supernumerary clerkship or two, with no work, no emolument, and no prospects; upon which he said to himself, "I have more than half a mind to take my protégé straight to Cavour—short of that I see no chance for the young man. But, before doing this, supposing I do it, I must be satisfied, I must make doubly sure, that he will not bolt off the course again. One failure is more than enough."

Vincenzo's unexpected arrival, precipitated as it had been by such exciting circumstances, while changing nothing in Onofrio's inclinations to befriend him, yet confirmed him in his plan of prudent delay. Not until time had tested the temper of Vincenzo's resolution, would Onofrio play his trump card in his behalf.

But in the meanwhile—that is, during this period of probation—Vincenzo could not remain idle to chew the cud of his misery; he must have plenty to do, and earn money for his labour. Here was the difficulty. Requisite occupation at twenty-four hours' notice is not to be had for the wishing. After ransacking all the cells in his brain for half the night without finding the clue to what he sought, Onofrio with a sudden jerk sat up in his bed, gave his head a great thump and exclaimed, "What an ass I

am! And my statistics? What should hinder me from making over that task to him, and paying him as from the Government?" Whereupon Onofrio laid himself down again and slept soundly.

Next morning Vincenzo, after a frugal breakfast, a cup of chocolate and a slice of bread, putting his bundle of papers under his arm, went to take possession, as agreed upon overnight, of his old room at Onofrio's. It was a cheerful little room, commanding, as we already know, a fine view of the hills on the other side of the Po. As Vincenzo stood at the window and gazed at the familiar features of the beautiful landscape, and evoked the memories connected with it, a whiff of his bachelor days, a whiff of hopefulness and confidence in the future swept over him. Presently he sat himself down near the window, untied his bundle of papers and began a survey of them. There was, besides his Report to the Minister, much miscellaneous matter; extracts from various books, notes for an Essay—the Duties of a Priest—two chapters of a novel, sundry poetical effusions, thoughts on politics, translations from Byron, and what not. To beguile a heavy hour or two, Vincenzo had begun many things, but finished, or indeed even pursued steadily, none.

About two in the afternoon, Onofrio came in apparently in a hurry. "Bless me!" cried he, with a scared look at the heap of papers scattered about, "you seem to have got work enough already to last you your life."

"Mere sham-work!" said Vincenzo, "and which shall be cast into limbo the moment I light on some that is real."

"Poetry! into the bargain," continued Onofrio, taking up one of the scattered sheets of paper. "The mere sight freezes on my lips a prosaic proposal, I had come to make."

"Make it nevertheless, my friend," said Vincenzo. "What may it be about?"

"About a tedious, dry and badly-paid task, which has only two points in its favour—one, that it is at your service immediately; the other, that it is likely to last for a few months."

"Accepted!" said Vincenzo.

"Wait a moment; first of all, I must premise that of course I only propose it to you provisionally, and without hampering you, should something better and more permanent offer—a something which I hope to find for you within a short time."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Vincenzo, pressing his friend's hand affectionately; "now, then, what is this task?"

"It is a statistical work, and, consequently, bristling with figures, every one of which must be verified. Now, I don't think that arithmetic is your forte."

"I beg your pardon," protested Vincenzo, warmly; "I am not quick at figures, but sure—"

"Well, then, the matter in question is a detailed account, intended for publication, of the present state of public instruction throughout the kingdom. All the facts, most carefully collected, are ready; they only require to be co-ordinated according to a certain method which I shall explain to you at leisure."

"Capital!" exclaimed the delighted Vincenzo, "I am your man."

"But listen to this," said Onofrio; "the minister who commissioned me to superintend the drawing up of these statistics, grants me, for such mechanical help as might be required, only a sum of three hundred francs. It is very little."

"It is Potosi, California, and Australia put together," cried Vincenzo. "When shall we begin?"

"When I have had time to put together the pile of indispensable documents relating to the subject, and to send them here for your use. This can't be before two or three days. Now, good-bye, till dinner time. Reconsider my proposal, and, if you change your mind—"

"No danger of that," put in Vincenzo.

"Well, if you should," continued Onofrio, "don't stand on ceremony to say so; we would search for something else."

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Let us hasten to add, within a parenthesis, that Onofrio's statement was true in all its particulars, save in that of the grant of a sum of money. The minister had allotted and could have allotted no extraordinary funds for a task which came under the head of ordinary business.

Vincenzo did not alter his mind, and some of the promised documents began to flow in on the morrow. Truth to say, Onofrio was as impatient to see Vincenzo at work, as Vincenzo was to be at it. By the morning of the third day, all the materials were at hand; and Vincenzo, in high spirits, was in the very act of making his first numeral, when Brigida, the old servant, handed him a letter. It was in the Signor Avvocato's well-known writing, and addressed to Signor Avvocato V. Candia, care of Signor Onofrio, at whose office it had been delivered, and who had considerably sent it by one of the messengers belonging to the bureaux. Candia expected this letter, had counted upon it, and received it with a chuckle of satisfaction; less, indeed, at the implicit proof it conveyed of all being well at the palace, than at the eagerness it betrayed of entering into communication with him. His self-love was more tickled than his heart touched by it. The contents were such as he had anticipated; only far more moderate in tone, and specious in argument, than accorded with the habits or with the powers of the writer. "That wily priest has been meddling here;" thought Vincenzo; and, looked at through this preconception, every word had a suspicious air about it.

The Signor Avvocato began by expressing his and his daughter's utter amazement and grief at Vincenzo's unaccountable disappearance; unaccountable, because no man in his right senses could have construed into an order of departure—such hasty words as might have passed the writer's lips in a moment of passion. The Signor Avvocato felt sure that Vincenzo, better advised, would go back immediately to Rumelli. It was his absolute duty as a

Christian and as a husband so to do—a full page, with quotations from the seventh chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, was devoted to proving the above proposition. The Signor Avvocato's old age and growing infirmities were next touched upon and skilfully pleaded. The conclusion was this. Vincenzo's speedy return was a preliminary *sine qua non* to a renewed good understanding between him and his wife, and his wife's father. Failing this, he would henceforth be considered as a stranger, and treated as such. This letter, as it was the first, so it would be the last that would be written on the subject.

Vincenzo shrugged his shoulders at this threat, too much at variance with the argumentative habits of his correspondent to be believed, and forthwith penned an answer. He said how much he regretted having caused the Signor Avvocato and his daughter any uneasiness by his departure, though he was at a loss to understand how it could have taken either of them by surprise, as he had previously announced it in sufficiently positive terms, and had only hastened it by a few days in consequence of the scene which had taken place. He regretted also that his notions of the duty of a Christian and of a husband should differ *toto celo* from those put forward in the letter he was answering. Then followed a full page, interspersed with counter-quotations, wherein the arguments of the adverse party were grasped, crushed, and ground to nothing with a zest which made his hand tremble with pleasurable excitement. Let us plead in exoneration of Vincenzo, that, in thought, he addressed himself less to him who had written, than to him who had inspired the letter from Rumelli. He ended by maintaining his resolution, and his right and duty to maintain it, irrespective of all consequences, and expressing his hope that his wife would, on reflection, see the propriety of joining her husband, who was ready to receive her with open arms.

Vincenzo was so pleased with his

performance that he delayed posting it to the last moment, in the hope that Onofrio might come home in time to hear it. Disappointed in this, he repeated from memory to his friend, during dinner, the spiciest phrases of his answer. Onofrio laughed and said, "You are in for a regular theological controversy. Don't expect that your black-robed antagonist will give in so easily."

"I dare say he won't," said Vincenzo. "I should be disappointed if he did. I confess that a little pass of arms with his reverence, once a fortnight, let us say, tickles my fancy amazingly."

Vincenzo now attacked his work in earnest. With the exception of an hour or so given to the daily papers early in the day, and a couple of hours spent in walking in the evening, his time was devoted to his task. Without being exactly that which he could have desired, it was not devoid of a certain interest for one who had so keenly at heart the improvement of his country, and who, from the insight given by the documents before him, received ample assurance of the superiority of the new methods over the old, and evidence of the progress, both in quality and quantity, that public instruction had made in a few years. Even-tempered and cheerful, as a rule, Vincenzo had occasionally fits of high spirits, when he would sing himself hoarse while at work, or talk Onofrio deaf, by the hour. But sociableness with him began and ended at home. Abroad, he sought to be alone, and studiously avoided frequented thoroughfares and places of resort where he might meet acquaintances. He had not even been able to bring himself to go to a café to read the newspapers, necessary to him as his daily bread.

"Could you not procure some for me at home?" had Vincenzo asked of Onofrio on the second day after his arrival."

"Surely; as many as you like; but why not go to a café and read them—you would have a greater variety."

"Because," had answered Vincenzo,

"friends are to be met with at cafés, and friends ask questions about folks' wives and fathers-in-law, which are better avoided just now."

Onofrio brought home with him from that day loads of newspapers.

Three weeks passed away, and no second letter from Rumelli. Vincenzo was not uneasy, but he was piqued, and could not help showing it.

"In all likelihood," said Onofrio, "Don Pio is concocting an epistle, which is to be your *coup de grâce*, a sort of thunderbolt which it takes some time to forge."

"Probably," assented Vincenzo laughing, but he remained thoughtful.

Another couple of weeks passed and no thunderbolt. Vincenzo felt uneasy, and said, "If I could only be sure they are not ill."

"It would be strange indeed if they were both ill," said Onofrio, sharply ; "it is not very likely at all events." Then he added after a pause, "You must be on your guard, my friend, against your imagination, or it will play you some sorry trick."

"You are right ; I am a great goose," replied Vincenzo ; "what a blessing it is to have a wise friend by one's side."

The wise friend from that moment augured ill of the issue of Vincenzo's coming to Turin.

One evening, not long after, Onofrio happened to mention, incidentally, the great loss of life from disease which the Piedmontese had sustained in the Crimea. This remark sent a painful thrill through Vincenzo's heart, to explain which it is only necessary to know that he had never heard from his soldier friend Ambrogio. At first he had taken it for granted that Ambrogio's letters had miscarried through the carelessness of the post-office clerks at Chambery, who had probably forgotten his directions to forward all letters for Signor Candia to Rumelli. Vincenzo, we must recollect, had quitted Chambery for Rumelli shortly after Ambrogio's departure. But, as time wore on and the expeditionary corps returned, and the ominous silence still continued, Vin-

cenzo began to fear the worst and purposed to write to Ambrogio's father—an unpleasant undertaking, however, from which he shrunk, and which he consequently put off from day to day, from week to week, from month to month—in fact, until the present instant. This dilatoriness would have been inexplicable in any one but Vincenzo, who had had, as we are aware, to go through, during this period, such a series of worries and trials, as might and indeed must have distracted the steadiest mind.

Vincenzo briefly explained to Onofrio the preceding circumstances, and ended by begging him to help to ascertain Ambrogio's fate.

"Nothing easier," replied Onofrio ; "they will be sure to know at the War Office ; but I warn you not to be sanguine of good news."

The advice was not mistimed, as the event too well proved. The following day Onofrio brought home, alas ! the sad intelligence that Ambrogio had fallen one of the first victims to the cholera, almost directly after landing at Balaclava. Vincenzo staggered under the blow ; then, with a flood of tears, he bitterly upbraided himself for his heartless neglect of one of his best friends. Never should he forgive himself for not having written, as though thousands of the kindest words could have averted the sad catastrophe.

The deep sadness which now fell upon him laid him open to depressing influences of all kinds. The old misgiving consequent upon the unnatural silence maintained by those at Rumelli preyed upon his mind with daily increasing poignancy. Day and night he was haunted by the one desire, "to be made sure that they were not ill." At last he could bear it no longer, and he wrote a short and affectionate letter to his wife, expressive of his wish and hope, that the novel and rather strange situation in which he stood towards her and his father-in-law, should not deprive him of the comfort of hearing now and then how they were, and begging for a speedy answer. Onofrio made a very wry face on hearing in the evening what Vincenzo

had done ; but, out of pity for the embarrassment of the young man, said nothing. Vincenzo made it a point of honour to hide none of his weaknesses from Onofrio.

The letter to Rose brought no reply, and Vincenzo's anxiety had reached such a climax, that, had he dared, he would have gone and ascertained the truth with his own eyes. But Onofrio's steady glance nailed him to the spot. Instead, then, of going, he wrote to Barnaby, his last anchor of hope—"Was any body ill?" Barnaby's answer came by return of post. Such a scrawl as, at any other time, would have thrown Vincenzo into convulsions of laughter! As it was, it was opened and deciphered—no easy matter this last—with the religious awe befitting a message from heaven. The contents of the letter were as follows: "Nobody was ill, thank God, though nobody looked well; the Sr. Padrone especially did not, he did nothing but groan and complain of pains and aches. The Signora Padrona went regularly every day to mass as she used to do. None ever called at the house, save Don Pio, who oftener came twice than once a day. The gloom of the place, since Vincenzo went away, passed all conception; the churchyard was a gay spot in comparison. The father and daughter sat like ghosts for hours, without exchanging a word; they seemed to have forgotten how to smile. Barnaby had no doubt that Vincenzo had acted for the best, though all he could say was that, he wished his old carcass had been put under the ground before things had come to the pass they had." The scales of the old gardener's sympathy, according to precedent, inclined towards the side which alone fell under his observation, and therefore seemed to him, of the two, that most to be pitied.

This letter produced a momentary reaction in Vincenzo. Assured that nobody was ill at the palace—the only statement in Barnaby's letter which, allaying as it did his predominant fears, made any impression at first on him—Vincenzo felt a little ashamed of the extravagance of alarm to which he had

given way. Onofrio availed himself of this state of his friend's feelings, to read him a little lecture. "I told you to beware of your imagination, my good fellow. If you do not take care you will be the dupe of it sooner or later. Let the present experience be of use to you for the future. It ought by this time to be as clear to you as it is to me, that you are the butt of an artfully-concocted plot, at the bottom of which is your Don Pio. He it is who has prevailed on your wife and father-in-law to keep this dead silence. Don Pio knows perfectly the imaginative turn of your mind, and he relies upon your power of forging all sorts of visionary alarms, to drag you back bound hand and foot.

Vincenzo could not help being struck by the justness of Onofrio's guess; and his indignation at the base attempt to play on his best feelings in order to get the better of him, steeled him afresh in his resolution. His anger, truth to say, was less against his wife and father-in-law, than against Don Pio. Don Pio was evidently the originator and instigator of the plot; but for him they would never have dreamed of it, though it was offence enough that they countenanced it. Let them wait till he went back.

This impression, however, softened before long—softened as he thought of the solitude and gloom he had left behind—of the old man and young woman, "sitting like ghosts for hours, without exchanging a word, having forgotten to smile." Sad, indeed, must be the plight of things up there, soliloquized Vincenzo, to wrench from poor Barnaby the wish that he was dead. Poor Barnaby! He who had invariably been so kind and affectionate; he who was so innocent of all these troubles; it was painful to think that he suffered for the faults of others—that he suffered on account of him, who would willingly sacrifice himself over and over again, to make the old man happy. As for the master and mistress, if they were uncomfortable, they had nobody to thank for it but themselves. Vincenzo asked himself, Could he have carried the

spirit of conciliation further than he had done? Could he have reduced his legitimate claims to smaller proportions? No, his hand upon his heart! No, only nothing would satisfy them but to trample him under their feet! Well, then, now they must reap what they had sown: not that he rejoiced in their mortification! God forbid—he had enough of the Christian in him to render good for evil! He wished he knew how, without self-abasement, to make them contented; but of what avail his wishes; he must be thankful

that no self-reproach mingled with his regrets!

It was towards the end of June that Vincenzo was indulging in these not very cheerful or coherent scraps of soliloquy. He had, by this time, been at his task for two months and a half; and the statistics had made great strides towards completion. Vincenzo was a conscientious worker; and, whatever his causes of affliction or disquiet, he allowed, nothing to interfere with the discharge of his duty.

To be continued.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER II.

BANKIPORE, ALIAS PATNA,
Feb. 7, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—A man gains more new ideas, or, which comes to the same, gets rid of more old ones, within his first month on Indian soil than during any equal period of his life. It is consequently very hard for him to realize that many things are strange to his English correspondents which, to himself, are already as familiar as *Household Words*, or rather, to keep on a level with the age, as *All the Year Round*. A dashing comedy by Tom Taylor, with life in an up-country station for its subject, in the style of “the Overland Route,” would do more to unite the sympathies of England and India than the Red Sea Telegraph, or the Army Amalgamation Scheme. A few days before my departure a youth of that class which you persist in alluding to as “our mutual friends,” who had already undergone the rite of ordination, and might therefore be considered qualified to impart instruction to his fellow-men, asked whether I should not be a full fortnight on the voyage between England and Calcutta! and, on the same occasion, a gentleman much distinguished in the University Curriculum was speaking of

a friend in Bengal who had been pushed forward by “a man called Grant.” I inquired, “Do you refer to Sir John Peter?” “I don’t know about that,” he replied, “but I am sure that the man’s name was Grant.” The effect of this out here is much the same as that which would be produced at home by hearing Lord Monteagle described as having been in old days “a Mr. Rice,” or Lord Lyveden spoken of as “formerly Smith of the Board of Control.”

But it is not only the absence of ideas in common that renders correspondence an arduous task. Almost as serious an obstacle is the want, so to speak, of a common language. Anglo-Indians are naturally enough wont to interlard their conversation with native words, though this is the case less in Calcutta than elsewhere. The habit is so universal that a Governor-General fresh from home complained in a published order that he could not understand the reports of his own officials. An Englishman may keep his ground in Parisian salons, and pass for a very sensible intelligent fellow by a copious though judicious use of “*par exemple*.” In the same way, a man who is a thorough master of the word “Pucka,” may hold his own in any society in India. “Pucka” literally means “ripe,” and is used to express the notion

of perfection and completeness. A man who is good at all points, whom Aristotle would have denominated "a cube without blame," is more concisely described out here as "pucka." A permanent barrack is "pucka," as opposed to a thatched hut. The arrangements for a shooting party are "pucka" when the pale ale does not run short, and the bore of the station is prevented from coming by an attack of dysentery.

The adjectives or verbs which are imported into conversation from native sources are comparatively few; but, in the case of names of things, the English word is often entirely shoved out of the field. All India outside the Mahratta Ditch is the Mofussil; Sport is always Shikar; and an order always a "hookum." A civilian of old standing, who was desirous of pleasing me by praising my university, told me that the "compounds" of some of the colleges were charming. The same gentleman complained that, when he was travelling on the Continent during his furlough, he found it impossible to avoid mixing up Hindustani with his French or German. On one occasion he astonished an ardent imperialist, with whom he was holding a dispute in a railway carriage, by exclaiming, "*Ah, monsieur, votre Empereur n'est pas pucka du tout, du tout, du tout!*" There is nothing that enchants people out here so much as the mistakes in the languages made by new arrivals. The native name for soda-water is Belattee Pawnee, which, being interpreted, means, "English water." This arises from an idea which prevails in the Hindoo mind that it is the ordinary water of the English rivers bottled for exportation. Never shall I forget the enthusiastic delight occasioned by my talking of "bi-carbonate of Belattee." In fact, a charitably-disposed griffin will not unfrequently commit intentional inaccuracies in order to give the greatest possible amount of pleasure with the least expenditure of wit. A young officer lately convulsed a dinner-table by proclaiming that he was going to shoot tigers in the Cummerbunds—a triumph which was afterwards

dimmed by a competition, who stated that at one time it had been his intention to have taken hookums. The natives have met us halfway in the matter of language. I am told that the current Hindustani has been much anglicized within the last twenty years. Besides borrowing the form of the sentences, they have adopted many of our words, and altered them in the most curious manner to suit their own effeminate pronunciation. This is ordinarily done by the insertion of a vowel before our harsher combinations of consonants. Thus, Tank Square becomes "Tanky Square," Clive Street, "Clivey Street." "Champagne" seems to have troubled them most; they have turned it into your singular, and call it "Simkin." Our high-sounding titles, coming in the middle of a sentence of Bengalee, have a very singular childish effect on the ear. In some cases the natives get over the difficulty by choosing a more tractable designation. Thus, the Lieutenant-Governor goes by the name of the "Lord Sahib." The Governor-General is the "Burra (or great) Lord Sahib." The "General Manager"—a name given to the trustees of the estates of Government wards—puzzled them terribly for a time, until at length he settled down into "Major-General."

Towards the end of last month I applied for, and obtained, six weeks' leave, after passing in the first of my two languages. It is a fact worthy of note, that the men who fail are very generally dissatisfied with the manner in which this examination is conducted, while the men who succeed seem, on the whole, inclined to think that there is not much amiss. On the evening of the 31st I left Calcutta by train, with the intention of living a week at Patna with Major Ratcliffe, who is on special duty there, and then passing the rest of my leave with my cousin, Tom Goddard, at Mofussilpore. Ratcliffe is a Bengal Club acquaintance, who gave me first a general, and then a most particular invitation to stay with him up country. There is something stupendous in the hospitality of India. It appears to be the ordinary

thing, five minutes after a first introduction, for people to ask you to come and spend a month with them. And yet there is a general complaint that the old good-fellowship is going out fast; that there are so many Europeans about of questionable position and most unquestionable breeding that it is necessary to know something of a man besides the colour of his skin before admitting him into the bosom of a family.

There is something very interesting in a first railway journey in Bengal. Never was I so impressed with the triumphs of progress, the march of mind. In fact, all the usual common-places genuinely filled my soul. Those two thin strips of iron, representing as they do the mightiest and the most fruitful conquest of science, stretch hundreds and hundreds of miles across the boundless Eastern plains—rich, indeed, in material products, but tilled by a race far below the most barbarous of Europeans in all the qualities that give good hope for the future of a nation—through the wild hills of Rajmahal, swarming with savage beasts, and men more savage than they; past Mussulman shrines and Hindoo temples; along the bank of the great river that cannot be bridged, whose crocodiles fatten on the corpses which superstition still supplies to them by hundreds daily. Keep to the line, and you see everywhere the unmistakable signs of England's handiwork. There are the colossal viaducts, spanning wide tracts of pool and sand-bank, which the first rains will convert into vast torrents. There are the long rows of iron sheds, with huge engines running in and out of them with that indefiniteness of purpose which seems to characterize locomotives all over the world. There is the true British station-master, grand but civil on ordinary occasions, but bursting into excitement and ferocity when things go wrong, or when his will is disputed; who fears nothing human or divine, except the daily press. There is the refreshment-room, with its half-crown dinner that practically always costs five and ninepence. Stroll a hundred yards from

the embankment, and all symptoms of civilization have vanished. You find yourself in the midst of scenes that Arrian might have witnessed; among manners unchanged by thousands of years—unchangeable, perhaps, by thousands more. The gay bullock-litter bearing to her wedding the bride of four years old; the train of pilgrims, their turbans and cummerbunds stained with pink, carrying back the water of the sacred stream to their distant homes; the filthy, debauched beggar, whom all the neighbourhood pamper like a bacon-hog, and revere as a Saint Simeon—these are sights which have very little in common with Didcot or Crewe Junction.

A station on an Indian line affords much that is amusing to a curious observer. Long before the hour at which the train is expected, a dense crowd of natives collects outside the glass-doors, dressed in their brightest colours, and in a wild state of excitement. The Hindoos have taken most kindly to railway-travelling. It is a species of locomotion which pre-eminently suits their lazy habits; and it likewise appeals to their love of turning a penny. To them every journey is a petty speculation. If they can sell their goods at a distance for a price which will cover the double fare, and leave a few pice over, they infinitely prefer sitting still in a truck to earning a much larger sum by genuine labour. A less estimable class of men of business, who are said to make great use of the railway, are the dacoits, who travel often sixty or seventy miles to commit their villainies, in order to escape the observation of the police in their own district. Every native carries a parcel of some sort or kind, and it often happens that a man brings a bundle so large that it cannot be got in at the door.

At length the barrier is opened, and the passengers are admitted in small parties by a policeman, who treats them with almost as little courtesy as is shown to Cook's tourists by a Scotch railway official. When his turn comes to buy a ticket, your true Hindoo generally attempts to make a bargain with the clerk.

but is very summarily snubbed by that gentleman, and, after an unsuccessful effort to conceal a copper coin, he is shoved by a second policeman on to the platform, where he and his companions discuss the whole proceeding at great length and with extraordinary warmth.

Natives almost invariably travel third-class. At one time a train used to run consisting entirely of first and third-class carriages. Every first-class passenger was entitled to take two servants at third-class prices. It was no uncommon thing for well-to-do natives to entreat an English traveller to let them call themselves his servants for the sake of the difference in the fares. The most wealthy Hindoos would probably go first-class if it were not for a well-founded fear of the Sahibs, and therefore they share the second-class with our poorer countrymen. In fact, in spite of the fraternity and equality which exists in theory between the subjects of our beloved Queen, the incompatibility of manners is such that English ladies could not use the railway at all if native gentlemen were in the constant habit of travelling in the same compartment. If you ask how our countrymen manage to appropriate to themselves the first-class carriages without a special regulation to that effect, I ask you in return, How is it that there are no tradesmen's sons at Eton or Harrow? There is no law, written or unwritten, which excludes them from those schools, and yet the boys take good care that if one comes he shall not stay there very long.

To return to the scene at our station. Suddenly, in the rear of the crowd, without the gates, there arises a great hubbub, amidst which, from time to time, may be distinguished an imperious, sharp-cut voice, the owner of which appears to show the most lordly indifference to the remarks and answers made around him. A few moments more, after some quarrelling and shoving about, the throng divides, and down the lane thus formed stalks the Sahib of the period, in all the glory of an old flannel shirt and trousers, a dirty alpaca coat, no collar, no waistcoat, white

canvas shoes, and a vast pith helmet. Behind him comes his chief bearer, with a cash-box, a loading-rod, two copies of the *Saturday Review* of six months back, and three bottles of soda-water. Then follows a long team of coolies, carrying on their heads a huge quantity of shabby and nondescript luggage, including at least one gun-case and a vast shapeless parcel of bedding. On the portmanteau you may still read, in very faint white letters, "Calcutta cabin." The Sahib, with the freedom and easy insolence of a member of the Imperial race, walks straight into the sacred inclosure of the clerk's office, and takes a ticket at six times the price paid by his native brethren. Meanwhile, his bearer disposes the luggage in a heap, rewards the coolies on a scale which seems to give them profound discontent, and receives a third-class ticket from his master's hand with every mark of the most heartfelt gratitude. If there happen to be another Sahib on the platform, the two fall to talking on the extreme badness of the road in the district made by the Supreme Government, as opposed to those constructed by the local authorities. If he is alone, our Sahib contemplates the statement of offences committed against the railway rules and regulations, and the penalties inflicted, and sees with satisfaction that his own countrymen enjoy the privilege of being placed at the head of the list, which generally runs somewhat thus:—

"John Spinks, formerly private in the
"—th Foot, was charged, before the magistrate of Howrah, with being drunk
"and disorderly on the Company's premises, in which state he desired the
"station-master to run a special train for
"him, and, on this being refused, he assaulted that official, and grievously
"wounded three native policemen. On
"conviction, he was sentenced to three
"months' imprisonment."

"David Wilkins, who described himself as a professional man, was charged
"with being drunk and disorderly, and
"with refusing to leave a railway carriage when requested to do so. He
"was reprimanded and discharged."

Then comes a long series of native misdemeanors, chiefly consisting in riding with intent to defraud.

At length the train arrives. As the traffic is very large, and there is only a single line (though the bridges and viaducts have been built for a double line), the trains are necessarily composed of a great number of trucks. First, perhaps, come eight or ten second-class carriages, full of pale panting English soldiers in their shirt-sleeves. Then one first-class, of which the *coupé* is occupied by a young couple going to an appointment up-country. They have become acquainted during the balls and tiffins of the cold season at Calcutta, and were married at the end of it. Perhaps they may never see it again until the bridegroom, who seems a likely young fellow, is brought down from the Mofussil to be put into the Secretariat. They have got a happy time before them. India is a delightful country for the first few years of married life. Lovers are left very much to themselves, and are able to enjoy to the full that charmingly selfish concentration of affection which is sometimes a little out of place in general society. When the eldest child must positively go home before the next hot season, and ought to have gone home before the last—when aunts, and grandmothers, and schoolmistresses at Brighton, and agents in London, have to be corresponded with—then troubles begin to come thick. The next compartment is filled by a family party—a languid bilious mother; a sickly, kindly, indefatigable nurse; and three little ones sprawling on the cushions in different stages of undress. In the netting overhead is plentiful store of bottles of milk, bread and butter, and toys. Poor things! What an age a journey from Calcutta to Benares must seem at four years old! In the third compartment are two Sahibs smoking, who have filled every corner of the carriage with their bags and trunks, the charge for luggage in the van being preposterously high out here. Our Sahib, who is too good-natured to disturb the lovers, and who

has no great fancy for children as fellow-travellers through the dust and glare of a journey in India, determines to take up his quarters with the last-named party. The two gentlemen object very strongly to being crowded, although there is full room for eight passengers; but our Sahib is a determined man, and he soon establishes himself with all his belongings as comfortably as circumstances will admit, and before very long the trio have fraternised over Manilla cheroots and the Indigo question. Behind the first-class carriage come an interminable row of third class, packed to overflowing with natives in high exhilaration, stripped to the waist, chattering, smoking hubble-bubbles, chewing betel-nut, and endeavouring to curry favour with the guard—for your true native never loses an opportunity of conciliating a man in authority. Though there does not appear to be an inch of room available, the crowd of newcomers are pushed and heaved in by the station-master and his subordinates, and left to settle down by the force of gravity. In an incredibly short space of time the platform is cleared; the guard bawls out something that might once have borne a dim resemblance to "all right behind;" the whistle sounds, and the train moves on at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages.

If one of the pleasures of travel be to find a pre-conceived notion entirely contradicted by the reality, that pleasure I enjoyed to the full at Patna. A city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of an immense province, one of the earliest seats of Batavian commerce, connected with the history of our race by the most melancholy and glorious of associations; I expected to pass through a succession of lofty streets, of temples rich with fretwork, of bazaars blazing with the gorgeous fabrics of the Eastern loom; in fact, through a scene such as you described in your unsuccessful prize poem upon "Delhi." Somewhere in the centre of this mass of wealth and magnificence I depicted to myself a

square or crescent of architecture less florid than elsewhere, but more nearly approached to European ideas of comfort. This was to be the quarter appropriated to the English residents. Here were to be their shops and factories, their courts, their offices, and the churches of their various persuasions. Such was the picture which I had composed in about equal proportions from the "Arabian Nights" and Macaulay's "Essay on Lord Clive." Now for the original.

We were due at Patna at two P.M., and, punctual to the time, the engine slackened its pace. There were no signs of a town to be seen; nothing but a large collection of mud huts standing in small untidy gardens, and shaded by a great number of trees. We arrived at the station, and I alighted and collected my things—a course of conduct which appeared to excite some surprise among the English passengers, none of whom left the carriages. The natives got out in herds, and the platform was instantly covered with a noisy multitude, who surged round my baggage, which I had placed in front of me as a species of breakwater. After some minutes the train moved off, and the station-master came up and demanded my ticket. I asked him whether I could get a conveyance to take me to Major Ratcliffe's. "No. There were no conveyances at the station." Would he send some one to the nearest hotel to order me a fly? "Quite impossible. The nearest hotel was at Dinapore, twelve miles off." At length, the awful truth began to dawn upon my bewildered intellect. Patna was the native town; Bankipore, the civil station, was six miles farther on; and Dinapore, the military station, six miles again beyond that. The railway people were very civil, and procured a couple of bullock-carts for my luggage. As it was so early in the day, there was nothing for it but to wait at least three hours before the sun was low enough to allow me to venture on a six-mile walk; and an Indian waiting-room is a perfect black-hole of dulness. In a road-side station at home, there are a few objects

out of which an intensely active mind may extract some particles of amusement. First, there is the Bible provided by the *Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge*, for the edification of people who may have missed the train—a circumstance not generally conducive to a devotional state of feeling. On the fly-leaf you find something of this sort:—

"You who upon this holy book
With Reverential eyes do look,
Seek for and gladly pluck the fruit
Contained within this holy truth.

(Signed) John Hopkins,
Aged 28,
Little Marlow,
Near Boston,
Lincolnshire."

Then, in another hand:

"The Bible does not need the recommendation of John Hopkins, aged 28."

The writer of this last sentence appears to be the local Jowett, for he is attacked in a series of appeals to his conscience, all more or less illegible, for the most part commencing, "O Scoffer—." Then, in the absence of a refreshment-room, you may feast your mental palate on the list of perishable articles in the tariff of goods—"Eggs, Fish, Fruit, Game;" or you may shudder over the diabolical character of the man who can transmit "Phosphorus, Gunpowder, Lucifer-matches, or other Combustible Articles," without declaring the nature of the package. Finally, you can walk into the village, and examine the small shelf of books which are kept for sale at the general shop, where the mistress of the establishment, in answer to your request for something new, offers you "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the assurance that a gentleman told her that it was "quite the go in London now-a-days." I had nothing to beguile the time except the conversation of a stoker in a state of what I once saw described in a novel by a female hand as "doubtful ebriety"—a mistake in etymological analogy, for which I had been prepared a few pages before, by finding a misogyn-

ist called a "womanthrope." I abandoned myself accordingly to my own reflections, which, as there was nothing to reflect, soon became sufficiently dull; the only point which actively occupied my mind being the extreme helplessness of a stray European in India. His way of life is so essentially different from that of the population, that the country outside the European stations might as well be desert for all the accommodation it can afford him. He cannot eat the ordinary native food, or sleep under a native roof. The serais, or inns, are mere filthy sheds, and he might walk through miles of bazaar without seeing an article which would add to his comfort. Fortunately, no Englishman of decent habits and trustworthy character need long be an outcast in Bengal.

As soon as the evening shades began to prevail I proceeded to take up my wondrous tail, which consisted of two curious bullock-cars, so contrived that by great skill it was possible to place in them about one-fifth of the weight which the animals could draw, and three coolies, each conveying with apparent ease half again as much as both the vehicles together. Our way lay at first through groves of palms, and patches of poppy and various sorts of lentil, interspersed with wretched mud huts, at the doors of which numbers of children were intently engaged in the only recreation indulged in by the Hindoo infant, that of making dirt-pies. I was much impressed by the portentous development of stomach among the younger ones, and by their dress, which consisted simply of a strip of red tape, which I presumed to be a delicate compliment to the Imperial Government. However, their wrists and ancles were covered with silver ornaments; in consequence of which custom the decoying and murdering of children is one of the most common crimes out here. Along the gutters wandered the hideous foul Indian pig. It is only necessary to watch the habits of the animal for five minutes to understand why the eaters of swine-flesh are held unclean throughout the East. In this respect Englishmen have adopted what

is generally looked upon as an Oriental prejudice; and no pork appears on a Calcutta table except such as has been sty-fed by hands in which the host reposes the most perfect confidence. Add a few bullocks sprawling in a roadside pool; a few thin-legged peasants half-dressed in a single garment of coarse cotton, sitting on their haunches in an attitude which can be imitated by no European who is not a practised athlete, sharing the alternate pipe, or cleaning their teeth with a bit of stick, the end of which they have previously chewed into a brush; a few slim mysterious poles of about twelve feet high, ornamented with bits of coloured rag; a few pariah dogs; and not a few smells; and you will have a very fair notion of a village in Bahar. But where are the graceful maidens with pitchers balanced on their stately heads? Where are the lovely daughters of Hindustan, from whom Southey drew his conception of the charming heroine of the *Curse of Kehama*? Echo, alas! answers: "In the zenanas of wealthy baboos." At any rate, they are not to be seen on the roads. In fact, the village women are so stunted and unattractive that, so far from appreciating the taste of those sahibs in whose eyes they have occasionally obtained favour, one finds it difficult to imagine how they ever find husbands among their own people.

After a time we got into the main line of bazaar, which extends from the farther extremity of the city of Patna to the English station of Bankipore. Do not let the name "bazaar" conjure up reminiscences of the Pantheon, or the fond infantile associations which cluster round the corner of Soho Square, or those subterraneous chambers which form the basement of the chaste and classical gallery of Tussaud—that unfrequented fancy-mart where, at the unwonted apparition of a visitor, the stallkeepers duck under the counters as rabbits disappear at the approach of a man in tight corduroy trousers and an old velvet coat. An Indian bazaar is a narrow street of one-storied hovels, each with a small verandah, of which the floor is raised about

two feet above the level of the road. The fronts are generally of wood, carved in tawdry patterns, dirty beyond anything that cold western imaginations can conceive. Into the filth and darkness of the inner room behind the shop no European save a police-officer, or a sanitary commissioner, would dare to penetrate. The proprietor sits in the verandah surrounded by his stock-in-trade, which consists of a dozen bags of various sorts of grain, or as many baskets of sweetmeats, made of sugar and rancid butter; or three or four pounds' worth of silver anklets and charms; or a few piles of coloured handkerchiefs of the coarsest English manufacture. There is very little difference between the appearance of the town and the country populations, and an utter absence of the picturesque costumes which, in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria, almost realize our ideas of the Bagdad of Haroun Alraschid.

There were already some ten minutes of daylight left when I arrived on a scene which amply repaid me for the dust and discomfort of the preceding hour and a half. On the left of the road lay an expanse of turf of some thirty acres, encircled by a race-course, an institution without which our countrymen seem unable to support existence in India. Surrounding the plain stood the residences of the officials, each in its own enclosure of from three to ten acres of lawn and garden. There is a strong family likeness between all houses in the Mofussil. A one-storied building, covered with plaster of dazzling whiteness, relieved by bright green blinds, surrounded on all sides by a broad verandah! Two lofty spacious sitting-rooms, with so wide an opening between that they almost form one hall, extend through the centre of the house from front to back, while either end is occupied by bedrooms, each with a bath-room attached. The servants sleep in sheds scattered about the compound; and the cooking is carried on in an out-house, which gentlemen who are particular about their eating sometimes connect with the dining-room by a

covered passage. The Sahib, generally speaking, has a sanctum of his own, where a confusion reigns which surpasses anything which could be found in a Lincoln's Inn garret, or the chamber in an English country-house appropriated to the son and heir. The walls are ornamented with mouldering antlers and dusty skulls of boar and tiger, the trophies of unmarried days; a map of the district, a ground-plan of the station, a picture of Rugby Close in 1843, and a print of Lord Canning, cut out from the *Illustrated London News*, marked with the generic sulkiness which characterises the portraits in that remarkable periodical. The furniture consists of a table overflowing with papers and pamphlets, which constantly encroach on the small corner reserved for an inkstand and blotting-pad, in spite of a species of temporary dam formed by a despatch-box and two bags of wadding; a dressing-table and appliances which would be scorned by a Belgriavian footman; a camp-bed, so light as to allow of its being placed at will within range of the punkah; half-a-dozen cane chairs, and a vast leather couch, where the Sahib spends the half hour after his early morning walk, alternately dipping into the *Englishman*, and sharing his tea and buttered toast with a favourite terrier. In one corner stand two splendid smooth-bores, stamped with the name of Westley Richards, and a double-barrelled rifle by the same hands; a long native gun, studded with glass beads, the muzzle shaped into a dragon's mouth; a blunderbuss, a couple of hog spears, a heavy hunting-crook, and two driving-whips; and the ancient family Joe Manton solemnly presented to the young writer by his anxious parent the day before he left the East India Docks in the Lord Minto, 2100 tons, some fifteen years since. The other three corners are heaped with a chaos of salt-reports, minutes, blue-books, codes (and translations of codes) and letters of every size and age, filed and unfiled, tied up with string, whip-cord, boot-laces, or the frail foul execrable red-tape of India, which has done more to break

the hearts and health of English-bred Governors-General and Financiers than the mists of the Hooghley or the stench of the Black Town.

By a careful inspection of the furniture and knickknacks in the drawing-room, a close observer may be able to name with confidence the three years which his host passed at home on furlough. In one house there is a prevailing sense of Great Exhibition. Every where you see views of the interior and exterior of the building, crowded with Turks and Albanians, Highlanders and Esquimaux, with here and there an individual in the hat and coat of modern civilization directing the attention of a female on his arm by pointing his stick at some interesting object in mid air. On the table lie some Great Exhibition tokens. Till I came out here I never could conceive who bought those most futile and meaningless articles of commerce. In the book-shelves stands a long row of volumes of the Illustrated Catalogue, blazing with blue and gold. In other families, pictures of Solferino and the entry into Milan, maps of Sicily, and portraits of Cavour and Garibaldi, testify that the furlough of your host coincided with the struggle for Italian Unity. There is something touching in these memorials; for they remind one that, however devoted our countryman may be to the interests of the race which is entrusted to his charge, the objects dearest to his inmost heart lie far away, beyond the glaciers of the Hindoo Koosh, and the seething waves of the Red Sea.

On my right hand a smaller open space, likewise covered with grass, ran some way back from the road. On one side stood a church, as pretty as anything can be which is coated with yellow plaster, surrounded by a portico formed by means of graceful flying buttresses; on the other a row of low barracks, swarming with native policemen in bright blue tunics and scarlet turbans. At the end farthest from the road was the collector's office or cutcherry, encircled by a rude fortification thrown up in the crisis of 1857. I was

much interested in this, the first evidence I had met with of the great mutiny. A mere ditch and mound overgrown with prickly pear, a man could walk over it without changing step. And yet it was behind such slender defences as this, that in many an isolated station a dozen or two of the Imperial race stood at bay for months before a hundred times their number of infuriated enemies, disciplined by English skill, and armed from English arsenals. In those dreadful days this was the refuge for the Europeans from every one of the six or seven districts in the Patna division: from every one except Arrah, where eight or ten civilians and railway officials, with a handful of stout Punjabees, were defending a billiard-room against the levée-en-masse of a province, supported by three strong regiments of regular infantry.

It is five years since my attention was directed to this country by "The siege of Delhi" at Astley's. I had been persuaded by Jack Whiffin, of whom the "fast set" at Radley consisted, to run up to town for a lark—which eventually resulted in his premature departure from that seminary of moderately sound learning and uncommonly religious education. Our lark comprised Astley's, a visit to Cremorne (which, to our intense though unexpressed relief, we found closed, as I am told is the case in the winter months), an ineffectual search after the Cider-Cellars, and a supper at a Covent Garden hotel, of a dozen oysters, a roast goose, an apricot tart and custard, a bottle of what Jack pronounced to be "a fine dry fruity sherry," and, finally, two half cigars; a tendency to nausea having seized us when in the full enjoyment of our pickwicks, the raw materials of which must have been purchased from the cabbage-stalls in the adjoining market. That evening, from seven o'clock till half-past nine, we gazed with rapture on what we religiously believed to be an accurate and life-like picture of Indian habits. The play opened with a scene representing a number of Sepoys off duty. A Brahman—who reminded one

alternately of a Druid and a Jew pedlar—was handing about Lotus-flowers as a signal for revolt. This slight verbal error of Lotus-flowers for brass Lotahs was pardonable—shared as it was by the most imaginative and oriental of England's statesmen. To them entered an officer, and began to form the men into line; whereupon two Sepoys fired at the chandelier, and one into the prompter's box, which proceeding was unaccountably followed by the fall of the officer. The *coup d'œil* of the next scene was very fine. It displayed "the mountain-pass of Barrackpore," up which were painfully winding supplies for the beleaguered garrison of Cawnpore, consisting, according to the bill, of "cavalry, infantry, artillery, buffaloes, a LIVE ZEBRA." What part this singular animal was destined to play in the great events which followed I do not know. Perhaps it was intended as a re-mount for General Windham. Now Barrackpore is on the Hooghley within six leagues of Calcutta, and the country, for two hundred miles round, is as flat as the beer in the refreshment-rooms at the Great Exhibition. The principal part in the capture of Delhi, and in the operations which preceded it, was played by a comic Irish sergeant, who appeared to have emancipated himself entirely from all discipline, and—perhaps, from an unmerited distrust of the powers of the regulation rifle—went to action armed with a shillelagh. Among other feats he danced the jig of his country with an extremely attractive lady's maid, whom he subsequently led to the altar, without hat or bonnet, under the mid-day Indian sun—an act of daring which alone should have sufficed to procure him the Victoria Cross. Cawnpore was relieved, at the very moment that the women and children were about to be butchered, by Sir Henry Havelock's showing himself on horseback on the top of a precipice overlooking the cantonment—at which stupendous apparition all the sepoys dropped down dead, with the exception of four, who were reserved for immediate execution. Just then in

rushed a youth of some eighteen years of age, attired in a frock-coat, a black silk hat, evening trousers, and an enormous blue scarf, described, in the programme, as "Mr. John Peters, a Commissioner," who cried out, "Spare these good men! They are innocent! Are you not, my poor fellows?"

"Yes, Sahib. We were forced into the mutiny by others."

"You have not been concerned in any atrocities, have you?"

"Oh no, Sahib!"

Hereat John Peters is highly delighted, and enters on a general disquisition about the quality of mercy, which he represents, with great truth and originality, as not being strained; when, by some mysterious process, the guilt of the culprits is established, and they are sentenced to be blown from guns; which is done by tying them to the muzzles of the cannon, and letting down the curtain, from behind which four reports are heard after a short interval.

"My dear, dear Simkins, what do you mean by writing me that cock-and-a-bull story about Jowett and the Vice-Chancellor's Court? It is impossible that you can believe it yourself. Tolerance and good sense are not the salient points of Pusey's character, but he can hardly be the bigoted blockhead which your story makes him out. A Court for the Recovery of Small Debts! But how about that debt, by no means small, to her Greek professor, which Oxford still refuses to pay? How long will she continue involved? She will find it hard indeed to show a clear balance-sheet when she appears before the Insolvent Court of public opinion. I should like to be commissioner of bankruptcy on that occasion in company with a certain Canon of Christchurch and Professor of Ecclesiastical History. We, of the sister university, may well thank God that we are not even as those Pharisees. But I am growing too angry for comfort in this climate. Farewell. My health is good, though I have some occasion for a potsherd. Ever yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

"CROAK, croak, croak,"
 Thus the Raven spoke,
 Perched on his crooked tree
 As black as black could be.
 Shun him and fear him,
 Lest the Bridegroom hear him ;
 Scout him and rout him
 With his ominous eye about him.

Yet, "Croak, croak, croak,"
 Still tolled from the oak ;
 From that fatal black bird,
 Whether heard or unheard :
 "O ship upon the high seas,
 "Freighted with lives and spices,
 "Sink, O ship," croaked the Raven :
 "Let the Bride mount to heaven."

In a far foreign land,
 Upon the wave-edged sand,
 Some friends gaze wistfully
 Across the glittering sea.
 "If we could clasp our sister,"
 Three say : "Now we have missed her !"
 "If we could kiss our daughter !"
 Two sigh across the water.

Oh, the ship sails fast
 With silken flags at the mast,
 And the home-wind blows soft ;
 But a Raven sits aloft,
 Chuckling and choking,
 Croaking, croaking, croaking :—
 Let the Bridegroom keep watch keenly
 For this choice Bride mild and queenly.

On a sloped sandy beach,
 Which the spring-tide billows reach,
 Stand a watchful throng
 Who have hoped and waited long :
 "Fie on this ship, that carries
 "With the priceless freight it carries.
 "The time seems long and longer :
 "O languid wind, wax stronger ;"—

Whilst the Raven perched at ease
 Still croaks and does not cease,
 One monotonous note
 Tolled from his iron throat :

"No father, no mother,
 "But I have a sable brother :
 "He sees where ocean flows to,
 "And he knows what he knows too."

A day and a night
 They kept watch worn and white ;
 A night and a day
 For the swift ship on its way :
 For the Bride and her maidens
 —Clear chimes the bridal cadence—
 For the tall ship that never
 Hove in sight for ever.

On either shore, some
 Stand in grief loud or dumb
 As the dreadful dread
 Grows certain tho' unsaid.
 For laughter there is weeping,
 And waking instead of sleeping,
 And a desperate sorrow
 Morrow after morrow.

Oh who knows the truth,
 How she perished in her youth,
 And like a queen went down
 Pale in her royal crown :
 How she went up to glory
 From the sea-foam chill and hoary,
 An innocent queen and holy,
 To a high throne from a lowly ?

They went down, all the crew,
 The silks and spices too,
 The great ones and the small,
 One and all, one and all.
 Was it thro' stress of weather,
 Quicksands, rocks, or all together ?
 Only the Raven knows this,
 And he will not disclose this.—

After a day and year
 The bridal bells chime clear ;
 After a year and a day
 The Bridegroom is brave and gay :
 Love is sound, faith is rotten ;
 The old Bride is forgotten :—
 Two ominous Ravens only
 Remember, black and lonely.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

CLERICAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

It is strange to find, notwithstanding the perpetual communication and intercourse with other countries on which we pride ourselves in the present age, how much real ignorance of the most characteristic features of the life of our neighbours exists by the side of our dictionary and hand-book acquaintance with them. The French curé and the Italian monk figure not unfrequently in the novelettes or diaries of travellers, and make picturesque models for many a fancy sketch; but it is less wonderful to find out by experiment, as one occasionally does, how unlike those fancy sketches are to the primitive and homely reality, than to discover how little we know of the authorized national teacher nearest to our own borders, and the religious life of a sister country, bound by every possible tie of union to our own. The Scotch minister has, almost up to the present time, been a personage almost as unknown in England as is the un-polemical priest of a Catholic country, unfretted by heresy, and calm in his own established rights and duties. The minister, like the priest, has had his turn in fiction and sentimental narrative. He has been represented superficially in certain evident phases, adopted by tradition; and the mingling of intellectual pretensions and aspirations with poverty and a republican organization which made promotion impossible, has given a certain interest and picturesque air to the unfamiliar figure on this side of the border. The only side of his character with which the general English mind has come fully in contact is that faculty of preaching which is an undeniable prerogative of the Scotch priest. To those who have listened to Irving and Chalmers in the might of their great powers, or even to those who have seen how the lesser lights of Guthrie and Caird illuminate the horizon round them, this gift needs no exposition; but a great preacher, though

perhaps one of the most powerful of contemporary influences, does little naturally to clear up and make visible, even to his admiring auditory, the life of his class, or the characteristics of his country. Such information must be obtained in a less rapid and brilliant manner. The best means of acquiring this knowledge, next to personal observation, lies before us in the form of two memoirs of Scotch clergymen, recently published—works as unlike each other as are the men whom they severally present to the observation of the world, but equally revealing out of the mists the distinctive ecclesiastical life of a country in which the peculiarities of ecclesiastical life count for more than in almost any other country in the world. In one case it is a parish priest of the purest Catholic type, who brightens up for us the beautiful district in which he lived and laboured for a lifetime, disclosing the broad natural rural life of Scotland with all its quaint lights of humour and depths of sadness, its philosophies and mysteries; in the other, a figure still more peculiarly Scotch—a polemical, political Presbyterian—rises amid the din of controversy through the confused landscape. The prose and poetry in full contrast, the Catholic and the individual, the persuasive and argumentative, the two grand types of clerical man, are here set in an unusual perfection before us for the clearing up and exposition of those local circumstances at once of place and of creed, which define the separate position of the Scotch clergy. Neither Mr. Story,¹ of Rosneath, nor Dr. Robertson,² appears to have been a man of the highest order of intellect.

¹ *Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late minister of Rosneath, Dumbartonshire.* By Robert Herbert Story, minister of Rosneath. Macmillan. 1862.

² *Life of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D. F.R.S.E.* By the Rev. A. H. Charteris, M.A., Minister of New Abbey. Blackwood. 1863.

A certain sweet omnipotence of character and heart, such as most people must have met with in some development one time or other in their lives, characterises the former; and a laborious energy and perseverance, strong faculty of comprehension, and practical command of the common-sense of life, seem to have established for the other a high place among his brethren—but neither is separated from his fellows by any such glow of genius as might make them unsuitable representatives of the clerical life of Scotland. On the contrary, they stand just so much above the ordinary level as a lofty and pure character, united to good ability, always exalts a man over the mediocre bulk of his class or profession. It would have been difficult to choose more fit exponents of all that is best and most hopeful, and, perhaps, at the same time, of all that is most dangerous, in the career of a minister of the Church of Scotland.

It is unnecessary to enter into a particular description of the peculiarities of the Scotch Church. It is a poor Church. Yet a minute comparison of the average value of livings in Scotland and in England would probably be much less to the disadvantage of the poorer country than is generally supposed; for, though there are few preferments on the northern side of the Tweed which would be worthy the regard of an English Church dignitary, there is, so far as we are aware, no parallel in Scotland to the poor pittance attached to many a country curacy and vicarage in the wealthier establishment. If there are no prizes half so great, there are, at the same time, no such utter and hopeless blanks. Along with this must be stated another paradox of still more important bearing upon the Church of Scotland. It is supposed to be, and in some respects is, republican and popular in its constitution; its ministers are equal, and free from all episcopal supervision; but, while thus, apparently, under a more liberal *régime* than that which subordinates the priest of a more stately order of Church government to the control of his diocesan, the Scotch minister

is in reality much more under command by spiritual authority, and has his steps hemmed in by restraints absolutely unknown in England. A bishop may, or may not, as it happens, exert what power he has in a harassing and offensive way against such members of his clergy as go further than he does in thought, or differ with him in secondary matters; but no such possible toleration is to be looked for from a Presbytery in which no one man is responsible, and where all the natural power of private rivalries and dislikes may influence the judgment of the clerical brethren who, all untrained in laws of evidence and the careful exercise of the judicial faculty, have in their hands the dangerous power of deposition, and are able to try, convict, and punish with the extremest penalty of clerical law, the offender in doctrine. It is true that this power is somewhat limited by the right of appeal to superior Church courts; but it is still such as no other body of men, irresponsible to the authorities of the country, and unguided by the cautious exponents of her laws, would be permitted to exercise. Thus, the Scotch minister has dangers surrounding him which are incomprehensible to the English priest. If he diverges ever so little from the established standards, or if he even permits himself a greater latitude of expression than usual, he is liable to be called to the bar of his Presbytery, and there made short work of—a possibility which can never be left entirely out of the calculations of thoughtful men in the Church of Scotland, though custom and the general softening and mellowing of popular sentiment seem to have made the bondage lighter in this generation than in the last. Another difference between English and Scotch clergymen is that the latter are drawn largely, as is the case throughout the Church of Rome, and, indeed, in every communion except the Anglican, from the *people*. There are many exceptions in which the clerical profession has become hereditary, descending from father to son; and there are, of course, some in which in-

dividuals of higher birth and breeding have entered the Church; but a large proportion of the ministers of Scotland, as of parish priests everywhere but in England, are drawn from the humbler classes—a fact which perhaps increases to some extent their practical services, but which detracts largely, on the other hand, from their higher national influence and dignity. Such are, generally, the broader points of individuality in the position of the clergy of Scotland. They are poorer and yet richer; less subordinate, and yet more under authority; of humbler pretensions in point of breeding and education, but of much higher pretensions in point of power and corporate action than their brethren of the English Church. The finer differences and agreements, the general human resemblance between the character and influence of one parish priest and another, however distinct their circumstances—and the arbitrary and accidental diversities which make the aspect of one strange to the other—will be better learned from the books before us than from any description we can give.

The Memoir of Mr. Story of Rosneath is executed with much literary skill and grace, and is a much more graphic and effective picture than the other biography with which we have conjoined it. The subject of this history was a man rich in all the human qualities which win and retain love. While still a very young man, he went out of all the vague ambitions and projects of his youth to the lovely little peninsula of Rosneath—a wild, neglected, rural parish, still lying in the humorous, half-conscious heathenism which seems to have overspread all Scotland during the latter part of last century. The place had fallen out of all the usages of piety during the lingering age of the old incumbent, who had kept possession by means of a succession of temporary assistants, not much more virtuous than the shrewd and clear-sighted parishioners, who soon awoke to perceive that the new instructor they had to deal with was of a different calibre from his predecessors. The condition of the dis-

trict at this period is very vividly sketched, with a full perception not only of the sadness of the picture, but of the quaint lights of covert Scotch humour which glimmer all over it, like the twinkle of mirth in a serious eye.

"Drunkenness was very general, smuggling universal," says Mr. Herbert Story, in describing the opening of his father's ministry. "There was a still in every glen, and the illicit manufacture and traffic were carried on with very little concealment. So blunted was the moral sense of the community, that it was considered no stigma on any man's character that he should be a smuggler; and persons, even making a decidedly religious profession, perceived no inconsistency in combining therewith the avocation of the unlicensed distiller." "I pay the duty on the maut," said one man in reply to Mr. S.'s remonstrances. "*I alloo nae swearing at the still*, and everything's done decently and in order. I canna see ony harm in't." The prohibition of swearing at the still is an exquisite touch, and the festive usages of the district are described with equal vividness. The young clergyman, however, routed the still and reformed the parish. He went to work not so much, it would appear, at first, with any fervour of evangelism, as with the generous and warm energies of a most brotherly and tender heart, impatient of all the sin and debasement he saw around him, as became a pure-minded and chivalrous young man. This ready interest in, and love for, his fellow creatures, soon gained, as his life and thoughts expanded, the profounder and warmer impulse of a true ambassador of Jesus Christ. When he had persuaded himself to accept the strait though lovely limits of this secluded parish as the sphere of his labour, he addressed himself to the work with all his natural fervour and enthusiasm. He addressed his parishioners individually, visiting them from house to house. He collected the children to the disused Sunday catechizing, which was then unknown in the district. By degrees he overcame the social

popular habits, which involved whisky at every turn, and succeeded—a change of the utmost importance to the progress of true religion—in surrounding the communion Sundays with the quiet observance which became such a sacred festival, instead of the rude riot which Burns has described in his *Holy Fair*. At last he established his sway so strongly over the little community that his biographer can record such an example of moral ascendancy as the following:—

“Late one Saturday night a noise of wrangling and fighting was heard near the Manse gate. It was a clear moonlight night, and the ground covered with snow. Mr. Story, who was sitting by the fire in his dressing-gown and slippers, started up and went to the window. A crowd, and two men fighting, were distinctly visible in the bright moonlight. Out he rushed, the dressing-gown flying behind him like John Gilpin’s cloak; and in a moment was in the thick of the fray, and attempting to seize a combatant with each hand. One he did succeed in collaring. Him he handed over to a bystander, to be kept *in retentia* while he gave chase to the other, who had made off. It was a fruitless pursuit, however; he had effected his escape, and the whole company of assembled villagers, two minutes before spectators of the heady fight, had vanished as quickly and utterly as did Homer’s interposing deities of old upon the plains of Troy. When the minister returned to the scene of the battle, no one was on the ground except the big man he had caught and the little man who held him. The former, who was what Dr. Carlyle calls ‘some-what disguised,’ begged, with many elaborate bows, permission to put on his coat and depart in peace, which accordingly he was allowed to do. Next day, before pronouncing the benediction, Mr. Story said that a very disgraceful scene had occurred last night at his gate, and that he desired that those who had taken part in it should come to the Manse after service. ‘Do you really imagine they will come?’ one of his hearers asked very incredulously. ‘I am sure they will,’ said he; ‘but not till all the rest are out of sight.’ When the coast was quite clear, accordingly, the captive of the previous evening and his unknown antagonist duly made their appearance. The result of his interview with them was, that they promised not to taste whiskey for a twelvemonth; which promise he had every reason to believe they kept. . . . He was in the habit, if he saw a light in the village tavern on his return late at night from his perambulations in the parish, of going in and dismissing the company. ‘No one in Rosneath,’ he used to say, ‘drunk or sober, would injure me;’ nor did ever any one attempt resistance. Whenever he entered there was a universal scuffle at the back-door

and window for the privilege of being first out of sight.”

This primitive despotism of love and kindness would, perhaps, scarcely be possible at the present time. But it was not without good reason that the minister’s influence had grown into so real a sway. He was the centre not only of spiritual instruction in his district, but of the warmest human kindness, and universal sympathy. The hospitable Manse opened its doors to everybody who had the shadow of a claim upon it, and to many who had none; and the minister’s time and patience were at all times and in every possible way at the command of his people. When deadly disease appeared, to the alarm of weaker hearts, he, himself, not without a tremulous thought of his wife and infant at home, not only visited the dying, but performed with his own hands the last needful offices to the dead, a heroic effort of Christian charity. At the deathbeds of his villagers his humble and tender soul gained as much instruction as he bestowed; and, while his warmly social nature formed fast friendships all round him, these friendships bound him, with an equality only possible to a devout Christian, to persons in the most opposite ranks of society—peers and peasants, the latter by no means the least dear or prized. The position is, as some of his early correspondents suggest, that of an “Arcadian priest of the golden age.” Doubtless the allegiance of the population, and the devotion of their leader, had such inevitable breaks as are necessary to human affairs at their best. Yet the life of this parish priest, quite without wealth, yet surrounded by all the graceful homely adjuncts of true aristocracy—the natural guide, adviser, and superior of the district—looks more like the realization of an ideal than anything we have seen for long; and explains, though it is the poor Presbyterian Church of Scotland which furnishes the example, how, next to the free and healthy atmosphere of the country gentleman’s household—which is, perhaps, of all others the best nursery for vigorous young life—the family of the

clergyman should, under favourable circumstances, make almost the highest contribution to the strength of the country. The rank of this rural minister is one which cannot be defined by any arbitrary standard—his income was of the most modest description, and his sky unbrightened by any possibility of a mitre or great preferment. Yet the population of the countryside yielded to him a true homage and allegiance which was of itself an important moral agent; since the man who, unarmed by the curses and excommunications of old, and with little merely external power, impresses upon a whole district a sense of his spiritual authority, and gains a delicate half-feudal sway in right of his character and virtues, is, perhaps, of all others the most beneficial agent upon general society, and does more than any mere preacher or missionary, however fervid.

There are, however, two special points in the life of Mr. Story which reveal more distinctly than this beautiful picture the special national circumstances amid which he filled his primitive and Catholic office. About a dozen years after he had entered upon his ministry, when he had obtained in a great measure this command of his people, and when at the same time his own thoughts and religious feelings were daily expanding, ill-health compelled a temporary retirement from his labours. He went away, leaving much of the charge of his flock in the hands of his co-presbyter and near neighbour, Mr. Campbell, of Row, with whose honoured name the readers of this Magazine are not unacquainted. When he returned a change had come over his own views, which he felt to be too important for anything less than the fullest explanation to his people, and an entire reform in his system of preaching. This was, that instead of dwelling upon the conscious faith and frames of mind by which, according to the old theology, a believer alone could judge whether or not he might conclude himself in a gracious state, his mission was to declare the free love of God, and the uncon-

ditional grace offered to all men in Christ Jesus. During Mr. Story's absence Mr. Campbell had made still more decided steps in the same direction; and the result was a wonderful quickening of Christian life and light along both shores of the Gair-loch. Neither of the young clergymen had any idea that they were in any respect transgressing the standards of the Church; neither of them even repudiated, or dreamed of repudiating, the doctrine of election. Both had been driven out of formulas and traditionary fashions of preaching to consider—as every man of true heart and conscience placed in such a position must consider, one time or other in his life—how the slumbering souls around were to be got at, and woke, once for all, out of their lethargy. To both of them it appeared that the love of God was this talisman—that what the dull hearts wanted was no longer the teaching which directed them to turn microscopic painful eyes upon themselves, investigating the signs of grace, but that the love of God, all real and certain, gloriously independent of themselves, was the great light to which they were to be guided instead. It seems even strange to us to know that this appeared to them a grand and new discovery amid the doctrinal bondage of the time; so thoroughly, since then, has this happier atmosphere of faith chased away the shadows even from the descendants of those who condemned them. But the Presbytery of Dumbarton, as soon as it saw what the young evangelists were about, sprang to its arms. Mr. Campbell was summoned to its bar—"libelled," that is to say, indicted before its tribunal—and tried with all the strange mixture of solemnity and irregularity which generally distinguishes the proceedings of a Presbytery. The trial lasted a long time, and was carried by appeal to Synod and General Assembly. It was a process in which the entire West of Scotland took an interest as eager and full of excitement as could be roused in any other region by a great political trial, involving national interests. Throughout all this Mr. Story, who felt

that his turn might be next, stood by his friend, acting as a kind of honorary counsel for the defence, arguing, explaining, examining, and cross-examining witnesses, and pleading for justice and toleration. A most strange interruption to that calm Catholic life of the ideal rural priest, but an interruption, without which the true position, dangers, and difficulties of a Scottish clergyman could not be fully understood. For months together this irritating process, which transferred the minister every month, and sometimes every week, from his useful and legitimate labours to fight a disheartening battle not only with fair foes honestly opposed to him on a point of religious controversy, but with all the prejudice and disingenuousness which could be brought to bear against the new doctrine, dragged along its tedious length. The end was the deposition of one of the most saintly men in the Church of Scotland. John Campbell was cast out, to form a new sect or break his heart, whichever he might happen to choose; and his friend and brother, having stood by him to the end, waited for the approach of a similar fate; but, by that strange apparent caprice of lot, which determines that one shall be taken and another left, Mr. Story remained unmolested. Such is the wonderful gulf which lies in the way of the Scotch minister. The picture without it would have been too fair and perfect. Out of his seclusion and tender purity of life, out of the "Father's business," at which visibly, in the sight of all men, the good pastor laboured night and day, out of all that we have just characterised as almost perfectly embodying the ideal of a parish priest, it was necessary that he should arise and go forth to this wearisome and harassing contention, sharpened by the possibility of final loss of everything he held dearest in the world, and unconsoled even by any certainty of strict justice or hope of mercy. Popular sentiment in Scotland, as we have said, has been ameliorated since then. Such a trial, it is to be hoped, would be otherwise conducted now; but it would be vain to attempt any picture of the

life of a Scotch clergyman which did not contain some shadow of this tribunal, which still, in law and theory, looms over the position of every man who may think or say anything which happens to be at variance with the rigid and elaborate standards of the Church, interpreted, as they always must be in popular assemblies, by the reigning sentiment of the time.

The other strange point in Mr. Story's career is the effect upon his peaceful parish and life of that melancholy event, which gained in Scotland the title of "The Disruption," and rent the Church asunder. Practical observation and experience have modified the original enthusiasm in many, perhaps in most, spectators of that painful schism, which has so deeply marred the unity and peace of Scotland. Self-sacrifice is a fine but dangerous power; and there is, perhaps, nothing in existence of which a more unchristian and diabolical use can be made. We have no space to discuss the question which, in its day, made so vast a commotion, and turned a whole nation upside down with all the moral damage of a bloodless civil war; but Mr. Herbert Story gives a remarkable sketch of the *other side* of an event which, for some years, occupied Scotland almost to the exclusion of every other interest. Everybody has heard of the wonderful act by which, in fidelity to their convictions, and absolute Scotch logic, resolute to have their own way, some hundreds of Scotch ministers resigned all their worldly goods, and left the Established Church in the notable year 1843. No doubt there were many humble men among them in whom the act was sublime and a real martyrdom; and that it did awaken a great deal of warm enthusiasm and admiration is undeniable. A visible sacrifice is a thing which everybody can appreciate, and the world in general was moved by the spectacle. There is a picture in the Scotch National Gallery in Edinburgh, which gives the popular view of the matter. In it the seceding minister is leading forth his old mother and his little children out of the beloved Manse; going forth, as the sympha-

thetic spectator must remark, well-burdened with weakness and helpless dependents to begin anew his battle with the world. It is as, we have said, the *other side* which meets us in the Memoir of Mr. Story—a picture drawn with some not unnatural asperity, justified, as far as asperity ever can be, by the facts of the case. Mr. Story, who began his ministry at Rosneath in 1815, was, in 1843, a man growing old, and approaching the period when weakened health compelled him to lessen his labours—but he was not to reach the end of his work without feeling the serpent's tooth of ingratitude, and the fickle character of popular affection. One of the gentlemen of the district, an influential personage, had gone into the Free Church movement, leading by personal influence a large portion of the parishioners with him; and the faithful parish priest who had devoted his entire life, leisure, heart, and mind to the training of the people, who had married or baptized the greater part of them, who had bestowed personal attention and advice and help upon almost all, and by whose means it was that the entire aspect of the district had been changed and its character elevated, had yet to sustain, in addition to all he had formerly borne in their service, the shock of desertion. "Few things in his life smote his heart with a keener pang than the spectacle that met his eye as he looked on the Sunday morning from his study window to the hill behind the Manse. Formerly the brae would have been dotted with groups wending their way towards the parish church; now other groups were there, travelling in the opposite direction, making their way to the school-house on Lochlong-side, where the emissary of the Free Church was to discourse." Nor was this the worst. It was for "filthy lucre," for "the loaves and fishes," that this true and tried servant of Christ was said to have remained within the bosom of the Establishment. Arrayed in those robes of sacrifice which can be and are often made the most offensive livery of arrogance and

self-regard, the orators of the day did not hesitate to point a scornful finger at the faithful pastor. "We'll stick by our Manse, our glebe, and our stipend," said one valiant speaker, waving his hand towards him in fine irony. Such ungenerous insolences must have been hard to bear, and one cannot wonder that the heart of the son who narrates them should swell high with natural indignation. The father, in whose larger experience patience had borne her precious fruits, endured the foolish contumely, and went on steadily, if with diminished joyousness, upon his evident path of duty. This strange and great trial is one which an English clergyman would find it almost impossible to realize; it is another marked distinctive feature among the actual trials of a Scottish Presbyter; one, it is true, which we may hope will never recur, but one which may recur, for anything which can be asserted to the contrary, and which still exists, and must continue to exist to some extent, so long as the Free Church confronts the Establishment with the pretensions of a rival.

Before leaving this memoir, which gives so clear a picture of Scotch ecclesiastical life and manners, we must glance at another matter which throws a gleam of foreign and somewhat wild light upon the spotless career of the pastor of Rosneath. The first beginnings of the movement which issued in the formation of that Church which is known to outside observers respectfully as the Holy Catholic Apostolic¹ Church, or vulgarly as the Irvingite, arose in Mr. Story's parish; and the singular young woman, beyond all question "gifted" in more senses than one, Mary Campbell, who was the earliest speaker with "tongues," was one of his flock. Of her sister Isabella, a

¹ The members of this body protest that they have not assumed this name as individual to themselves, but simply as applying to them as a *section* of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. This is, however, too fine a point for controversy; since, if they are to be referred to at all, some distinctive name is an absolute necessity.

saintly girl, who died early in the beauty of holiness, Mr. Story wrote a memoir, the profits of which, with characteristic generosity, he devoted to her family, who were in straitened circumstances. To Mary Campbell herself he showed the most fatherly kindness, teaching, advising, and doing all in his power to restrain her when her supposed inspiration began to lead her astray out of reason and duty. We have not space to enter fully into the history of their intercourse, but may specially direct our readers to a remarkable letter, addressed to her by Mr. Story when the peasant girl (then married to a Mr. Caird) returned to her native parish under the reverent guardianship of Mr. Drummond and his wife, Lady Harriet Drummond; treated by them more as a superior than an equal, and in the enjoyment of all the worldly advantages naturally falling to their friend and inmate. Notwithstanding this wonderful change in her position, the gifted Mary made pretensions—not only to those spiritual endowments which had raised her from the humble farm-house at Fernicary—but to having “made sacrifices” for the truth; a pretence which naturally aroused the indignation of her ancient friend and minister, who knew but too exactly the difference between her former circumstances and those in which he then found her. This affectionate letter of remonstrance and entreaty was deeply resented by the prophetess and her friends; and her husband, Mr. Caird, made a foolish endeavour, as will be seen in the memoir, to punish the writer, by making it out that he had somehow mismanaged or misappropriated the funds realized by the memoir of Isabella Campbell. This accusation Mr. Caird has recently repeated in a pamphlet addressed in the form of a letter to the Rev. R. H. Story, the author of the memoir. Mr. Caird is a “preacher of the Gospel” in connexion with the Church which his wife helped to develop, and is naturally offended by the unceremonious manner in which her pretensions are treated in

the life of Mr. Story. He accordingly repeats his accusation, asserting, with a freshness of belief which reminds one of the calculations of Major Pendennis, and which has evidently never sustained the shock communicated to the nervous system by the sight of a publisher's balance-sheet, that the memoir of Isabella Campbell ought to have produced the astounding sum of 1,650*l.*! and that Mr. Story, the author of the memoir, having, with most prudent and wise care, made over to them the sum of only 600*l.*, had in reality defrauded the family of the difference. This odd attack might very well be left to answer itself; but Mr. Story's representatives are naturally jealous of the merest breath of calumny upon his good name; and Mr. Herbert Story, his son, has just published a reply in the columns of a Glasgow paper, wisely resisting the temptation to answer pamphlet with pamphlet—from which, lest any of our readers may chance to see the production of Mr. Caird, we may quote the complete refutation of this poor assault. The “Memoir of Isabella Campbell” is a small volume, sold in some cases at 5*s.*, and others at 6*s.*; two editions, one of 3,500 and another of 2,000 copies, were rapidly sold off, the first being a subscription edition, for which the publisher relinquished his usual profit. “The second edition,” writes Mr. Herbert Story,—

“Was not a subscription edition at all, but was sold at the usual trade terms. There is accordingly a large difference between the actual profits and the proceeds pictured by the airy fancy of Mr. Caird. The gross proceeds of the first edition (as rendered in the publisher's accounts in my possession) were 1,021*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The expenses and losses were 414*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* The clear profit left was 607*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, which I find I have stated in the ‘Memoir,’ in round numbers, as 600*l.* The clear profits of the second edition, as rendered by the publisher, were 91*l.* This sum was employed to defray part of the outlay on the simultaneous third and fourth editions which did not sell, owing to some curious vagary of public taste, caused apparently by Mary Campbell's prophetic notoriety. Mr. Caird denies my statement that these editions did not sell, and says he could not find a copy in any bookseller's shop some time after their publication. The reason of this was that they were sold to a

house in London as a 'remainder' at a mere trifle per copy. There was thus no return of profits from any edition save the first. The entire sum which Mr. Story ever had at his command for behoof of the Campbells was 607l. 3s. 6d., no less, no more. This fact, attested by the publisher's accounts in my hands, disposes of Mr. Caird's insinuation as to Mr. Story's imitation of Ananias and Sapphira in 'keeping back part of the price.'"

Our space will not permit us to quote the further statement of facts which prove that this sum was prudently and promptly invested, and scrupulously accounted for; it is, however, due to the author that his contradiction of a slander thus reiterated should have the further publicity of insertion in this magazine. Such an assault is certainly not one of the individual Scotch features of the picture, but is perfectly well known and familiar to every man who has ever had in his hands the painful trust of a private charity. Most of our readers will feel that the chief wonder in the case is, that such a book as the controverted volume could, under any circumstances, have yielded the large sum of 600l., which Mr. Caird himself admits the family to have received; not to speak of the quiet self-denial of a man, far from rich in his own person, transferring thus the entire proceeds of his first literary work to the thankless recipients who seem to have imagined, as ignorant people will, that such an unexpected fountain opening up spontaneously in their desert was inexhaustible.

The other biography which has directed our thoughts at the present moment to the clerical life of Scotland is of a very different character from the one we have just discussed. The late Dr. Robertson, formerly minister of Ellon, who, during the latter years of his life held the important post of Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, will interest the reader more as a laborious and energetic intellectual agent, than as a genial individual man; probably because his biographer attaches greater weight to the qualities that belong to the former than the latter

character. Mr. Charteris describes the subject of his memoir as possessing warm affections and a genial nature; the evidences of them are swallowed up in the records of work, which it requires a deeper knowledge of the recent proceedings of the Church of Scotland than we possess to decipher clearly. Dr. Robertson was one of the most eminent on the "Moderate" side of the controversy which ended in the secession of 1843, and, being of an ever-active and busy nature, always in the thick of the combat, seems to have come clear out of that painful business without any of the stings of injured love and disappointed confidence which made it bitter to hearts more vulnerable. His great distinction seems to have been that, as soon as the great loss was fairly accomplished, he rallied the broken ranks of the wounded Church manfully and with a stout heart, and went to work with unquenchable courage and vigour to make up the breach and keep on the vital action. To have done this, in face not only of so cruel an actual blow, but of all the loss of *prestige* and glory involved, and even under the burden of an apparent false position, is no small honour to any Church. To be used as a foil for a startling act of self-sacrifice would be trying to the nerves and temper of any corporation, especially as there was no lack of voices to point out the contrast between the martyrs who "went out" and the "residuaries" who remained. Happily for the Church of Scotland, such men as Dr. Robertson, to whom the matter was simply a public one, and who does not seem to have been exasperated by any domestic assaults among his hard-headed and conservative parishioners in Aberdeenshire, were equal to the emergency; and it is no small tribute to the force and strength of her vitality, to find that, shorn as she was of the most eminent popular talent, and deserted by the most distinguished of Scotch Churchmen, the gifted and venerated Chalmers, the Scotch Church bore the shock so well, and recovered her position

with such celerity—almost, indeed, it would seem, has bettered her position, and is now in more hopeful and encouraging circumstances than she has known for many years. Dr. Robertson's life moreover, though very dim and undiscernible in its more intimate relations, affords a curious glimpse into the course of training by which a poor man's son, in the beginning of the present century, was able to thrust himself through so much indispensable study as would qualify him for that pulpit which was then the object of so worthy and useful an ambition. Just so have poor men's sons, though with greater external help in the pursuit, struggled into red hats and purple stockings in Rome. England is, perhaps, the only country in which such struggles and histories are all but unknown; and recent events seem to make it doubtful whether she will be able to retain this characteristic, which has been of such profound importance to her. Here is a wonderful matter-of-fact sketch of the University life of a Scotch student, not quite fifty years ago.

"If there was little to foster the leisurely acquirements of scholarship, there was much to develop self-reliant character in James Robertson's early struggle with limited means. Expensive lodgings he could not afford; and Mr. Robertson fixed on a house in a lane opening off the Gallowgate (Aberdeen) for his son's abode. The other rooms were fully occupied; but in the garret-room there was only one lodger, a student, (now a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church) and he was willing to have a companion. It was agreed that, for his share of the apartment, James should pay 1s. 6d. per week, supplying his own food. This weekly rent, with his college fees, was all the money he needed, for his victuals came from home, and his clothes were also sent home to be washed. That was a great day in the poor student's week when his box came with the carrier; a letter on the top of its contents, telling what they were doing at Ardlaw; potatoes in the bottom; every corner filled with careful mixture of provisions and clothes; eggs stuffed safely into stockings; oatcakes and scones dexterously arranged so as to give least chance of being crushed; occasional supplies of money folded in the letter or spread on the breast of a shirt; all telling him of a love and thoughtfulness and anxiety for his comfort, that cheered his heart amid its loneliness. There was little money at home to spare; but he required even less than was sent, and the anxious father and mother could not get their boy to eat half so much in his own

little room as they were sure he ought to do. In his garret he studied hard, being ambitious chiefly to please those at home. He had the character of a deserving and diligent student, but won no distinction during his first session. . . In these days when attention is turned to our Universities, some may care to know how much money was required for the support of a student. The outlay in money of James Robertson for fees and lodgings in his first year was little more than 6*l*. If we add a small sum for travelling expenses, and a sum still smaller for pocket-money, we have an accurate estimate. Most certainly the expenses did not amount to 8*l*. His food and clothing were exactly such as he would have had at home, and were, therefore, no part of special college expenditure. It is not to be supposed that the average outlay of students was as small as this—his economy was almost as exceptional then as it is now—but we must not forget the encouragement to the talented children of the poor in the fact that it was possible to be a student on such terms. It was thus the farmer's son rose to be one of the first men in his church, and one of the best benefactors of his country."

The boy so hardly trained had various vicissitudes to go through before he became a parish minister. He was first schoolmaster of a parish school; then head of a hospital in Aberdeen similar to that of George Heriot in Edinburgh; and, finally, he became minister of Ellon, in the same district. Here he entered into the duties of the pastorate with characteristic energy, preaching much on "metaphysical subjects," examining his elder Sunday-school pupils on the "Christian evidences," and catechising all and sundry with a diligence which passed over nobody. These catechisings, or "diets of examination," were held in winter, and the place of meeting for the families round was usually a farmer's barn. "On some favourite themes he expatiated at great length, and the light of a winter-day often failed him ere his task was done to his own satisfaction. If the place of meeting could be lighted, the *sermon* was prolonged. It was not the season for a comfortable seat in a farmer's barn; but he seemed unaffected by the elements. The floors were sometimes damp, and barn-doors and walls are not made to keep out wind. Some of the audience might leave to warm themselves for a few minutes at the kitchen fire; but the minister sat still." Along with this spiritual toil, the ener-

getic pastor pursued all kinds of practical activities; he experimented in agriculture, and in manures, and "the favourable results obtained in the production of turnips were reported in a local newspaper, and in the *Mark-Lane Express*." At the same time he entered vigorously into ecclesiastical business, and took part in all the agitations of the great controversy which was then raging in the Church. This curious mixture of metaphysics, politics, turnips, manures, and ecclesiastical agitation continued for more than ten years. Then, immediately after the secession of 1843, he was appointed to the Chair of Ecclesiastical history in Edinburgh; and having, as we have already said, done the greatest service in rallying and encouraging the Church after that great blow, Dr. Robertson took up with a wise audacity the scheme of Church-extension which Chalmers had carried as far as he imagined practicable, while still there was comparative peace in the Church. Chalmers, at a period when the wealth and enterprise of the Church of Scotland was entire and undivided, had confined himself to the building of new churches, sighing for the endowment which he saw no possibility of. Dr. Robertson, only a few years after the event which was by many people supposed to be the destruction and end of the Church of Scotland, took up with a singular daring this project which appeared hopeless to his great predecessor; and henceforth the history of the active and ever-busy professor is the history of the Endowment scheme to which he dedicated the remainder of his life. The exertions of Dr. Chalmers had built somewhere about two hundred chapels, which were spread all over the country. "An act of Parliament, commonly called Sir James Graham's Act, provided that, when an annual income of 120*l.* was secured, the church and district might be erected into a parish *quoad sacra*. But the supreme difficulty which had seemed to Chalmers insurmountable, still remained—viz, the raising of the money. "To provide an income of 120*l.* the sum of 3,000*l.* must be invested, and to endow 200 chapels therefore an annual

"income of 24,000*l.*, or an invested "capital of 600,000 was required; and "to provide this, or so much of it as "might be needed, was the object of "the Endowment Scheme." It is impossible to refuse our admiration to the manful "pluck" shown by this spirited re-adoption of a plan so extensive at the very moment of temporary defeat and discouragement. Thenceforward his "scheme" was the daily, hourly, incessant occupation of this good man's life. He held meetings, wrote letters, made speeches, dull but vigorous, wherever there was a possibility of any response to his appeal. After he had succeeded in endowing thirty chapels and raising 130,000*l.*, he divided Scotland into five provinces, to each of which was allotted the sum of 40,000*l.*, to be raised as its share of the money necessary. Two of these provinces completed the needful amount under his own supervision; and the work still goes on, though his share of it is over. Wherever the laborious professor went, he carried his "scheme" on his shoulders. In a playful trial of skill during one of his holidays, he cried, just at the moment of starting, "Now, "mind the loser gives a pound to the "Scheme!" The all-engrossing interest of this great object of his labours and anxieties completes the absorption of the private individual into a whirl of public business and occupation. A scheme, however notable, is but an indifferent substitute for a man in a biographical work; but to any reader who can master it, and whose attention can keep alive through the long course of meetings, speeches, and agitations, this book will throw no small light upon the strangely public bustling life, overlaid with committees, conferences, organizations, and "schemes," which seems natural to the leaders of the Scotch Church. It is a development totally distinct from that of the parish priest; but it is one which holds a much greater place for the moment in the public eye, and is perhaps more characteristically Scotch and individual. Such a practical laborious business-like existence, filled to the very edge with public proceedings, discussions, and ar-

rangements, with only margin enough left for matters purely domestic and devotional, cannot fail to miss most of the graces that make life attractive, and has but a limited interest for the ordinary reader, to whom its great "objects" and "schemes" are unknown. But it is very interesting as an exposition of the life of those men who guide the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland; a great deal of the same whirl of public occupation, dispersing with its stony glare all the softer lights and shadows of human character, appears in the life of Chalmers; and, in proportion to the inferior stature and powers of less eminent men, this effect increases. Perhaps it must be so, more or less, with all men occupied in the direct work of legislation and government. The life of a Home Secretary, save for historical purposes, and as throwing light upon the exceptional existence of other Home Secretaries, would probably be equally unattractive; but it may be curious to many observers of contemporary manners and life, to note, that the fittest parallel for a Scotch minister, in the most notable position which he can attain, is to be found rather in the dry public life of a statesman than in anything apostolical or episcopal. This is an odd state of affairs, and does not seem a desirable one; but power must always have its drawbacks, and this it appears is the darker side of that corporate force and independence of action in which Presbyterianism takes pride.

In these books, taken conjointly, the English reader will find materials for a very complete estimate of the clerical life of Scotland. He will find, on one hand, how pervasive and profound may be its influence—working, as every good agency works, not always to the glory of the instrument, but, through many disappointments and trials, to the benefit and improvement of the country. He will be able to trace how the pastor of the poor, himself not rich, may link his peasants in the highest bonds of Christian friendship and kindness with the great and the gifted; yet how, notwithstanding, the utmost purity of a godly life, and apostolic fervour of a preacher of Christ, may not be sufficient

to defend himself from the watchfulness of those theological sages who find in every novel expression, and unconventional utterance, a breach of doctrine; and, turning to the other side of the picture, he will here also perceive how the ecclesiastical politicians of Scotland pursue their busy way through a burden of secular business which makes their life more like that of heads of public offices than ministers of religion; and how committees, and "schemes," and legislative efforts, and the exigencies of a parliamentary government, careful of its divisions, and nursing its majority, come naturally to the Presbyterian leader, who is compelled to be a kind of statesman. Such are the curious individualities which distinguish from everything Anglican the life of a Scotch Churchman—a life as unlike the Republican independence and congregational subjection of Dissent, as it is different from the dutiful but sometimes doubtful subordination, and breadth of liberal thoughtfulness, of the Church of England. The Scotch minister is the nominal equal of every Presbyter of his communion; but no episcopal superior ever wielded the sword of Peter like the Presbytery which can summon him to its tribunal, and constitute itself at the same time his judge and prosecutor. No clerical representative of the Church of Scotland has any place among the great authorities of the state, nor has the bench of bishops the faintest counterpart in its economy; yet it requires as distinctly as any secular kingdom its race of leaders trained to public life, and used to manage with prompt and skilful hands the machinery of an active government. In these strange paradoxes lie the distinctive features which individualize the position of its clergy; below these, as below all accidental external circumstances, lies the everlasting unity of human and Christian souls. In Scotland, as in England, and everywhere, the blameless man of God, the unnoted parish priest gives stability to the structure which rises over him; and in his hands, unconscious of politics or polemics as he may be, lies the true strength of every branch of the Church of Christ.

ON COTTAGE GARDENS.

THE advantages of the allotment system, or division of land into gardens of the size required by cottagers, are now so generally recognised that it is scarcely necessary to advocate its adoption. While, however, nearly all are agreed respecting the benefits the system confers on the poorer classes of the community, its influence for good on the more affluent has, I think, been in a great measure overlooked. The farmers, for instance, who at one time were much opposed to its introduction in our country parishes, on the supposition that the possession of gardens would render the labourer too independent of his employer, have, for the most part, discovered that the independence it has created is of a kind with which they are not disposed to find fault—independence from relief obtained through the poor-rates. We have not indeed quite gone back to those happy times—if ever they existed elsewhere than in the realms of poetry—when “every rood of ground maintained its man;” but, if cottage gardens continue to multiply throughout the land, we shall soon reach a state of things where every rood of ground maintaining its pig will contribute greatly to the maintenance of the pig’s owner and family.

But, if the distribution of small portions of land among the labouring classes of agricultural districts proves a benefit to the large land-owners and the farmers, it is especially beneficial to one individual in every parish, whose influence for good over those among whom he is placed it is most desirable to extend—I mean the incumbent, or the minister appointed as his substitute. The experience of the writer of this article may perhaps be admitted as an illustration of the fact.

About eleven years ago it was his lot to be appointed to the incumbency of a somewhat populous parish, situated in one of the most agricultural districts of

the midland counties. There are now, he most sincerely trusts, few parishes in England in so neglected a state as that in which he found the village of ——. There was no trace of any previous incumbent having resided there; and, indeed, it had no house for him to reside in. The land was almost entirely in the hands of large absentee proprietors; Dissent almost universally prevailed; and the place was notorious throughout the county for dissipation and deeds of violence.

To be instrumental in effecting a change in the moral aspect of the place was, of course, the earnest wish and endeavour of the writer; and though, even at the present time, he is painfully conscious that much still remains to be done, he thankfully acknowledges that a large amount of good has been effected, and for this good he is in a great measure indebted to the allotment system. It will perhaps conduce to clearness if, in detailing the means by which that system was carried out, and the general mode of its operations, he should now speak in the first person.

The most important thing to be done was naturally to build a parsonage, and thus to secure, both for the present time and the future, the residence of a clergyman in the parish; the second was to devise some plans for the gradual improvement of the parishioners. I have said that nearly all the land was in the hands of proprietors who lived at a distance from the source of their income, and who contributed in nothing to the welfare of their numerous tenantry. Among these absentees had hitherto been the former incumbents, who, as the tithes were commuted for land, were, for the period of their incumbency, land-owners of some importance. The probably permanent residence of this land-owner was now at all events secured; and it appeared to me that the

possession of land might be turned to good account for the purpose of assisting in the amelioration of the position of the working classes. Land, even to the extent of a rood, or a quarter of an acre, was scarce among these, and in so great demand that as much as one pound yearly rent was gladly given for so small a quantity, the rates and other taxes upon it being paid by the tenant. A suggestion which, shortly after entering the parish, I one day threw out to a labourer—that, if a field was divided into cottage gardens, it might prove beneficial to himself and those in a similar situation—was soon repeated; and the news of the possibility of such an occurrence spread rapidly over the village, affording for the time a subject for gossip of a less hurtful kind than that which is too often the established means of entertainment in small communities. Two or three days after I received a petition, signed by nearly all the labourers and working men of the place which, as it may prove a curiosity to some of my readers, I literally transcribe:—

"To the Rev. ——— Vicker.

"1852.

"We the undersigned poor of this parish do Earnestly Request your favour to allot a portion of Land to each of us The undersigned which we shall esteem it a great favour by so Doing at any Reasonable Rent you think will do us any Good By so doing we shall remain your obedient Servants."

[*Here follow the signatures of 49 labourers and artisans.*]

The day after a supplement to this petition was sent me, with some ten or twenty more names appended to it.

However ungrammatical this composition might be, its brief and simple earnestness spoke eloquently to my feelings, and a favourable reply could alone be given by one who was a well-wisher to the petitioners. There was a field, or close, as it is locally denominated, containing somewhat more than twelve acres of excellent land, conveniently situated for the purpose required, and forming part of the glebe. This field I divided

into forty-seven allotments; which were distributed, by the drawing of lots, among those whom I considered the most deserving and the most in want of those who had signed the petition. My object in having recourse to the method of drawing lots for the distribution of the gardens was to prevent any discontent which might arise from some portions of the field being deemed better than others. The price of each allotment was fixed at 12s.6d.—the landlord paying all rates and taxes due upon it, and the tenants keeping the hedges and ditches in a proper state of repair. A few short and simple rules were printed, and given to each tenant. I do not transcribe the rules, as they are, for the most part, the same as those laid down in similar instances. One deviation, however, from that similarity may be mentioned: no condition is made that holders of gardens should be regular church-attendants—my motive in omitting that usual condition being that, as many of them had been brought up in the principles of dissent from the Church, I did not wish it to be supposed that a premium was held out to them for the performance of a duty which, by other and better means, I hoped in time to make them fulfil. Experience has not caused me to regret the absence of such a regulation. Indeed, on the subject of rules in general in connexion with allotments, I would remark that it is my belief that, the less stringent and the less numerous they are, the more efficient as well as the more acceptable they will be found. For their own sakes the tenants will nearly always cultivate the gardens in a proper manner; and, after all, good crops are the best tests of good cultivation.

It may further be stated, that the allotments are at the present time occupied by thirty-four agricultural labourers, four shoemakers, two blacksmiths, two carpenters, two bricklayers, two machinists (workers of steam threshing-machines), and one small shopkeeper.

The result of ten years' experience of the working of the system may now briefly be detailed. I shall begin by

observing that, though the payment of rent is required but once a year—about three or four weeks after harvest (September 25th), a time when nearly all the crops have been removed from the field—I have almost invariably received the whole rent on the day appointed, and in no case have I ever lost any portion of it. I have, indeed, frequently encouraged the deserving and assisted those in need by returning to them a small part of the payment; in one case only have I remitted the whole, and that was one of great necessity; but every remission of rent has been granted of my own accord and without any solicitation from the tenants. Last year, with these deductions, the receipts for the forty-seven gardens were 27*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* instead of 29*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the full amount. In the year 1857, a year in which there had been some distress among the agricultural labourers, it was 26*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the smallest annual payment since the establishment of these gardens. But it must be added that the rent previously paid by the farmer who had occupied the field before its division into cottage gardens, was only 15*l.*; or, taking into consideration that he paid the rates and taxes upon it, about 17*l.*

The cultivation of the gardens has, on the whole, been very satisfactory; it may even safely be asserted that the produce of the field is more than double what it was when it formed part of a somewhat large farm. The profit made upon each garden varies of course with the degree of cultivation, and is, in every case, difficult of estimation; but that a fair profit is made is evident from the circumstance that only two gardens have as yet been voluntarily given up, while there are *ten* or *twelve* applicants for the first vacancy which may occur.

The best result of the system has apparently been the habits of economy which it has tended to create. Money, which too often before found its way to the ale-house, is now expended in the purchase of a pig or in seed and manure—more manure being generally required for each garden than can be produced in

the pigsty. I may here mention one curious consequence of the cottagers in this village having nearly all a garden—a consequence which certainly was not anticipated when the allotment-scheme was introduced. Owing to the large quantity of cattle and horses kept by the farmers, hundreds of cart-loads of farm-yard manure are carted out along the highways during the winter season. Traces of the passage of the carts used to be disagreeably manifest to the wayfarer, and much that might have contributed to the fertilization of the soil, was converted into a public nuisance. At present the value of the fertilizer is too well appreciated for even a few shovels-full to be left upon the road; a pleasing sight may almost daily be witnessed of small children, with their minute spades and wheelbarrows, gathering up the hitherto wasted fragments for the increase of the muck-heaps in their gardens. Indeed, a more efficient band of little scavengers than that which the allotment-system has called into existence could not easily be found.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that, in the parish of —, at least, garden allotments have proved a powerful auxiliary in ameliorating the condition of the agricultural poor; and the temporal improvement of that class of the community is intimately connected with their spiritual advancement. Indeed, whatever tends to raise the condition of the poor, places them in a favourable position to be influenced by the teaching and example of those whom Providence has placed in a superior station of life, and who desire to make use of the advantages that station gives them, to further the well-being, both temporal and spiritual, of their fellow-creatures in the lower grades of society. The poor man must be persuaded that the rich man is a *friend*, before he will listen to him as a *counsellor*.

For the purpose of showing that others have derived the same benefit as myself from the allotment system, I quote the words of a writer who has evidently had much experience on the

subject, and who has published the results of that experience in an interesting little work, to which I would refer those who desire further information respecting it. It is entitled, "Sketches of Country Life and Country Manners, by one of the Old School: London: Rivingtons: 1840." "Should the labourer," he writes, "unfortunately be 'unable to obtain any employment from the farmer, he will, at all events, have 'sufficient in the produce of his little 'plot of ground to keep himself and 'his family from absolute destitution, 'without applying to the parish for 'assistance, until a new demand for his 'services occurs. And, should a more 'favourable state of things take place, 'and the labourer be fully occupied 'with work during the whole year, the 'little gains of his allotment will provide him with a few comforts, or 'become a little store to which he may 'look in a season of distress or sickness." While cordially approving of these and many other remarks in the work from which I have borrowed these words, I would not be understood as coinciding with the author in all his opinions on the subject of country life and country manners.

Let me also refer my readers to another short treatise, published likewise by Rivingtons, under the following title—"Some account of a system of Garden Labour, acted upon in the parish of Springfield, Essex; by the Rev. Arthur Pearson, Rector of Springfield." The reader will there find an estimate of the net value or clear gains to the cultivator of one-eighth of an acre; this the author puts down at 1*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, or 2*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* for a rood. Such an estimate, however, I consider to be higher than the average clear gains in this part of the country, where—as it is one of the most favoured agricultural districts in England—the labourer, it is probable, is more constantly employed than in most others, and has less time to spend upon his own garden. The clear profit here, I have said, it is difficult exactly to estimate; but I believe that it may be fairly stated as not under 35*s.* or 2*l.* the rood.

From an article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxiii. p. 477), we borrow the following statement, written in the year 1844: "Of all immediate remedies for 'pauperism, the allotment system offers 'the most cheering prospects; the experience of almost every one who has 'travelled in Great Britain will have 'afforded examples of the benefit resulting wherever land is appropriated 'to garden culture by the labourer in 'such small proportions as interfere not 'with his ordinary duties as a servant 'to the farmer."

I have now briefly given the result of my personal experience of the advantages arising from the mode, which is yearly becoming more prevalent in England, of distributing to the poorer classes of the community small portions of land at a reasonable rent, and under regulations neither too numerous nor stringent, and have endeavoured to corroborate my testimony of its utility by the evidence of others, who have had a similar experience with myself. My motive in doing so has been chiefly to gratify a wish, often indulged in, to throw into the balance of public opinion the weight, trifling though it be, of a country clergyman's practical appreciation of the good resulting from the measures I have endeavoured to describe. I would, in conclusion, most earnestly urge its adoption on all landowners, and even on large tenant-farmers, who might, for such a purpose, doubtless readily obtain the sanction of their landlords. But most especially would I advocate a fair trial of it to the beneficed clergy in country parishes, most of whom have more or less land at their disposal. I am very far from asserting that it is the first or the most important improvement to be introduced by a new-comer in a rural district where the temporal and spiritual wants of the inhabitants have been hitherto neglected; but it is my full conviction that it will be found a most valuable auxiliary to all other means of improvement. Indeed, in one respect, it has a prominent advantage over most other modes of benefiting the poor; an advantage which

the minister of the parish—who has often a great portion of his income to spend in objects of charity—will duly appreciate. It will be found as profitable to himself as it is to others; and, while obtaining a higher rent for his land, he will also, for the most part, have a more thankful and contented class of tenants than if he had let it out in larger quantities to two or three farmers. Like

mercy—to use the well-known words of our great national poet—the allotment system proves itself “twice blessed,” for “it bleseth him that gives, and him that takes.”¹

¹ Much valuable information on the “Allotment System” will be found in a very well written article on the subject in the first vol. of the first supplement of the *Penny Cyclopædia*. Also, in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, New Series, vol. iv. p. 101.

SOUTHERN ITALY: ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

BY AURELIO SAFFI.¹

THAT part of Italy which extends from the river Tronto and the Liri, between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, down to the Ionian Sea, is the region of the peninsula most richly endowed with every form of beauty and usefulness that can delight the eye or call forth the industry of man. The happy climate and the fertility of the soil gladden its plains and dales with a perpetual spring. The wide forests which overspread the valleys of the Apennines, the minerals with which the soil abounds, and the many streams that flow down from the mountains, might well supply with materials, and help by mechanical power, any enterprise of manufacturing industry. Nor is “the human plant” there, as virtually prepared by Nature, inferior to the rest of the race. Nay, livelier in intelligence and feeling than the Northern Italian, the inhabitant of the South will undoubtedly play an important part in the future social life of the peninsula, as was the case with him in ancient days. The soul of that strong Sabellian race, which gave birth to the Samnite colonies on the one side, and to the power of Rome

on the other, is still living amidst the valleys of the Abruzzi, Terra di Molise, and the Principato Ulteriore. There you find amongst the monuments and local names the relics of old Samnium. Something decidedly antique still lingers in the features and looks of the people; and their very habits of life, their hamlets hanging over the steepy hills, their games and superstitions, betray the uninterrupted inheritance of the old Italian blood and tradition. Neither Celtic, Longobard, nor Teutonic conquests ever reached, or deeply affected, the sacred springs of national life in those hidden sanctuaries of nature.

That the Southern Italian cannot be rightly appreciated is owing to the amount of indolence and corruption which many years of bad government could not fail to engender, especially in the great centres of population. Let us leave aside the *Camorristi*, both high and low, who were one of the disgraces of the Bourbonic period, and make acquaintance with the bulk of the people.

Owing to the primitive state of agriculture in some of the provinces, every work of husbandry is dependent on manual labour. The labourer, who generally inhabits miserable dwellings in country towns or villages, rises while it is still night, walks many a mile to his distant field, toils the whole day, exposed to unwholesome winters or to the scorching

¹ The writer of these pages feels it his duty to declare that the statements and opinions contained in them rest entirely on his own individual observation and responsibility, independently of his connexion with the Committee of Inquiry on Brigandage.

summer sun, and returns at eve to his hovel, worn out by care and fatigue; and all this for very bad pay, and without having any share in the produce of the land. Still, he refuses no increase of labour; and, if he cannot get any patch of soil, either for lease or as a municipal grant, to till on his own account, he starts from his native territory, when he can find no further employment, in search of work elsewhere. The labourer of Basilicata, profiting by the circumstance of the earlier harvest in the plains of Puglia, goes there every summer to seek work as a reaper, and returns in time for the gathering of the crops on his own mountains. The annual migrations of Abrutian shepherds to the pastures of Capitanata, or of Abrutian haymakers and reapers to the Campagna Romana, are well known; and equally known are the scanty fare upon which they live, and the thriftiness and foresight which characterise those hardy, laborious, persevering mountaineers.

The same aptitude for work is to be found in the manufacturing districts. I shall limit myself to giving one instance of it. The valley of Sora, in the province of Terra di Lavoro, was destined by nature to become a seat of industry. Through it run the two rivers Fibreno and Liri, abundantly supplied with rapid waters from the Abrutian Apennine. Some wool-manufactories and paper-mills were set up in the neighbourhood of Sora and San Germano under the protection system of the Bourbonic Government. Protection and privilege produced of course their effects. General industry and labour withered under the oppression of a few growing fortunes. The abolition of monopoly, and the free-trade principles applied after the revolution of 1860, will gradually increase the industry of the valley. Meanwhile, the condition of the districts of Sora and San Germano is not much improved from what it was three years ago. The old fabrics have suffered from the reformed tariff, and new ones have not yet sprung into existence. Still, in a population of 148,000 inhabitants, there are about 8,500, men, women, and lads,

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employed in the factories. The largest establishment in the district is the paper-mill built on the Fibreno by the late Monsieur Lefevre, a Frenchman, to whom Ferdinand II. gave the title of Duke of Balsorano. The mill is now under the care of a French director, and gives employment to 625 persons, of whom 380 are women. The amount of wages for women is about 12 *grana* (less than sixpence) per day, and, occasionally, 16 or 17 *grana*. For special workmen, such as smiths, carpenters, &c. the highest possible profit is between 3 and 4 *carlini* (from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence), and less than that for common workmen. The director, on whose authority I quote these figures, told me that he was exceedingly satisfied with his people. He had visited, he said, French, English, and Belgian manufactories, but he had nowhere found so much assiduity, physical strength, and natural understanding as among these populations; and he considered them the most enduring race he had ever met with. On 12 or 15 *grana* per day a woman lives with her children, eating dry bread and raw vegetables washed at the river side, with no salt or oil to flavour them. She descends from her mountain hamlet before the rising of the sun, and is ready at her work at the appointed hour, half-past five in the morning. Such is the condition of workmen at the celebrated *Cartiera del Fibreno*. The only allowance made to them is a supply of gratuitous medicines in cases of illness.

I must add, to the honour of Italian manufacturers in that same district, that there are some among them who take a special care of the well-being and moral improvement of their workmen. The paper-mill of Signor Visochi, whose specimens obtained a prize at the London Exhibition, is not only a machinery for industrial production, but a school and a beneficent institution. Signor Visochi is the syndic of Atina, and has organized there the elementary and technical instruction, giving lessons himself to the children and workmen, and not only teaching them handicraft, but also

seeking to moralize them and inspire them with the love of their country. One man like Visochi in every country town in Southern Italy would prove the best and surest remedy against brigandage and priestly corruption. A certain Signor Dino, the owner of a wool-manufactory near Sora, when, in 1861, reaction was threatening that district, kept his men at work—although at that time labour was unprofitable to him—in order to prevent their being tempted, through want of occupation, to join the reactionary riots. Signor Pulsinelli, an old patriot and a member of parliament, who owns a wool-mill at Isola, roused his men to arms against the band of Chiavone and other ruffians in the pay of Rome, who daily crossed the frontier. The influence of these gentlemen, and the comparatively happy condition of the district both as regards manufacturing industry and agriculture, explain why brigandage never took root in that peaceful valley, although it is situated close to the Roman frontier.

A remarkable testimony in favour of the Southern Italians is that of the generals and officers in the Italian army, who are unanimous in stating that the new Neapolitan recruits are more teachable and readier to undergo the hardships of military life than any from the upper provinces. And, as regards educational capacity, very satisfactory results have been obtained in the elementary schools—unhappily few in number up to the present—which have been instituted during the last three years. I had occasion to visit myself some of those schools, among which a recent one at Sansevero in Capitanata; and it was with a feeling of gratification and hope that I attended there an experiment of the proficiency of the children after a few months' training.

But, notwithstanding so many advantages of nature and intellect, several among the provinces of Southern Italy are in a painful state of misery and degradation. The most obvious and popular explanation of the fact is Bourbonic despotism, and this explanation is undoubtedly the true one. Despotism, indeed,

was not idle even in the other states of the peninsula; yet, in these latter, civilization had not to undergo the sufferings and oppression that prevailed at Naples. For the Bourbons not only persecuted political opinions, and tortured human limbs, but fettered the country to that state of barbarism in which it had been left by its aristocracy and the Spanish viceroys; and the progressive movement, initiated last century under the auspices of Charles III. and his minister Tanucci, was completely checked by the later kings.

Take only the deficiency in communications. A few instances will suffice to give an idea of Bourbonic administration on that score. In the provinces of the mainland (I leave out Sicily, which has been left even in a worse condition), there were only five high roads to connect them with the capital, and none except a few unfinished ones that allowed of communication between one province and another. Even among the principal roads (Vie Consolari), the one leading to the Abruzzi did not go further than Aquila; another to Basilicata and to Taranto was interrupted for a long tract, which must be traversed even now on horseback through mountains and torrents. To the three Calabries there is but one road, equally interrupted at intervals, and with no bridges. The diligence has to cross impetuous rivers not without danger; and, if these are swollen, the traveller is forced to spend two or three days in bad inns or mud cabins, and wait for more favourable weather. In several instances, there are districts of the same province that have no possible communication between each other practicable by vehicles of any sort. Thus, between Foggia and Serracapriola in Capitanata there is no road, and only one bridge on the Fortore—the river which separates the two districts—an unfinished, abandoned, falling structure, scarcely safe for foot-passengers and animals to tread upon; although 84,000 ducats had been assigned some years ago for its construction by the Provincial Council of Capitanata. The speculators and Government agents squandered

away the money; the engineer, an honest man, committed suicide through despair; and the traffic over the Fortore, between Puglia, Terra di Molise, and the Abruzzi—that is to say, the traffic by land between the wool-market of Foggia and Central Italy—was consequently rendered impossible. Between the Abruzzi and Capitanata there was, through the same reason, no postal service. Letters had to be carried from Chieti and Teramo to Naples, and from Naples back, through Avellino, to Foggia. And these are towns which will now be placed by the railway at the distance of two hours from each other. In the province of Basilicata, which is almost as large as Tuscany, though with a far scantier population, and where, over mountain, dale, and seacoast, Nature has hitherto in vain displayed all the variety of her productive powers, four-fifths of the territory are without roads at all.¹ Adding to this the deficiency of harbours on both the Adriatic and the Mediterranean coast, we may form an idea of the hindrances opposed by that savage Government to every development of commerce, industry, and civilization in Southern Italy.

The condition of landed property and of labour, especially in Capitanata and in several districts of other provinces, was not less calculated to produce poverty and mischief. That province is formed for the greatest part by a vast plain, which extends for many miles between the Apennine and the Adriatic. Once the domain of the sea, it was gradually elevated by the deposits of the torrents into a fine pastoral ground. From the earliest days of ancient Italy that green soil was the resort of shepherds in autumn, winter, and spring. Roman publicans levied heavy fines on the sheep and cattle owners, and from their *tabule* probably came the name of *Tavoliere*, applied to that plain. In the middle ages, lords feudal and ecclesiastical took possession of it, and held

it down to the fifteenth century, when Alfonso II. of Aragon, king of Naples, claimed the suzerainty of the crown over the Apulian pastures, wresting the estates from those who had fought against him during the civil wars of the period, and allotting them, through annual contracts called *professazioni* (from the necessary declaration of the number of sheep or cattle), to the owners, most of them Abrutian, who were called *locati*, from the nature of the contract. This system was followed out down to the reign of Joseph Bonaparte, when, in 1807, a law was made which changed the annual *professazioni* into permanent settlements by a sort of emphyteotic convention (*censo*), the *censiti*, or emphyteotic farmers, having to pay a rent to the crown besides the ordinary taxes. A sham competition was opened, in which the former *locati*, and among these the richest, had the preference. The smaller ones were discarded, and, consequently, ruined. In 1817, the restored dynasty of the Bourbons annulled this innovation, and tried to bring back the old state of things. And in this they succeeded but too well. By the law of 1807 the possessors of the estates were authorized to till the soil and redeem the canon. The Bourbonic law forbade tillage, except in a limited proportion, under the pretext of fostering pastoral industry, and withdrew the power of freeing the land from the crown privilege, or allowed it only partially, and after endless and expensive formalities. Then, besides these restrictions, the ameliorations already made by the holders on their farms, and the expenses undergone by them, were taken into no account in the new apportioning of the rent; and as, through this fiscal imposition, many of them were obliged to give up their leases, the abandoned lands were given to new bidders, or to minions of the court. Thus both laws proved ruinous to property and agriculture in the *Tavoliere*. The former, encouraging the competition for large estates, instead of directing, through prudent provisions, a right and moderate distribution of property which

¹ *Relazione al Consiglio Provinciale di Basilicata*, at the opening of the Session of 1862—last autumn.

might lead to the benefits of small culture, allured the new possessors into farming expenses far exceeding their means. These had recourse to loans under unfavourable circumstances, owing to the want of institutions of credit, and were obliged to pay in kind, with immense losses, what they could not pay in money. Their apparent wealth dwindled away; the showy farms and buildings fell into decay; and then came the Bourbonic ukase to complete their ruin. From 1817 down to the present time, the regression in culture, industry, and well-being on the *Tavoliere*, was more and more apparent.¹ The greatest part of the land ran to waste. Well-conducted farms became rare. Wild pastures and vagrant herds invaded anew the desert, treeless, monotonous country. There, for miles and miles, you may walk over the endless, solitary turf without meeting any sign of life or labour, except here and there some poor, ragged Abrutian shepherd, who lives there with his flock for many a month, friendless and roofless, wonderfully resigned to his fate. It is therefore that brigandage finds there a safe refuge.

Such are the circumstances of pastoral and agricultural industry in the *Tavoliere* of Puglia; and nearly the same is the condition of municipal and crown domains, and of ecclesiastical properties, which, through the law for the suppression of convents, are now under the management of the State. It may be safely stated that, in Capitanata and in other districts of Southern Italy, the country-labourer is at the lowest ebb of physical and moral degradation. And it is precisely in those districts that brigandage was strongest, and met with least populations. In Terra di Lavoro, less energetic opposition from the help in the Abruzzi, wherever a better system of farming and a more developed husbandry afford work to the labourer all

the year round—or where the hired labourer is in a minority in comparison with the *metayer*, the small proprietor, and the industrious farmer—there the native element contributes no recruits to the brigands, and the country is active in persecuting them. The same is the case in Calabria and in Basilicata, where the proprietors have joined together with the middle class and the artisans in the national movement, and have resolutely opposed and fought with the outlaws. In the latter province the bands would have met with entire destruction at the hands of the national guards, had they not been favoured by the peculiar features of the mountainous soil, covered with pathless forests and underwood. In Terra di Bari, and Terra d'Otranto (lower Puglia), where commerce and industry have awakened a superior moral spirit among both the maritime and inland towns, brigandage was a transient importation from other provinces, and was repelled by both citizens and peasants.

I have purposely dwelt on the subject of the social condition of the country, because it exercises an important though indirect influence on brigandage. The social question is not the real motive, or even the pretence of the brigand; but the wretched condition of the peasant diminishes his interest and lowers his energy in the defence of property, and, in some cases, leads him into mischief. The brigands themselves cannot, by any means, be considered as representing a social protest against the grievances of any class of society. These grievances have lately assumed in the demand for redress a peaceful and civil character. Peasants in the municipalities of Southern Italy have immemorial rights of grazing, wood-cutting, &c. in the communal lands (*Beni demaniali dei Comuni*). In several cases they were perpetual farmers on those lands, or on the estates of the crown. These rights have often been curtailed by arbitrary means, and a portion of the communal lands gradually usurped by influential individuals, under the anarchical rule of the Bourbons. The syndic, the greedy municipal officer,

¹ See, on this subject, "*Il Presente e l'Avvenire della Capitanata*," by Seipione Staffa; "*Atti del Consiglio Provinciale di Capitanata*," Session of 1861; "*Osservazioni sul Tavoliere di Puglia*," by Pascale, &c.

the powerful family which swayed the locality under the protection of government, frequently invaded the ill-marked boundaries of those tenures, and awed into silence the witnesses of their usurpations. Thence a reaction against the usurpers, shared by all honest and liberal citizens. When the revolution broke out, the social and the political interest were therefore allied on this score ; and the question of the communal lands was brought forward as a question of justice and redress by all well-meaning patriots. The new Government sent special commissaries (*commissari ripartitori*) to verify the titles ; but the interested influences at work threw many an obstacle in the way of a fair solution of the claims. Now the decisions have been committed to the prefects or governors of the provinces ; and it is to be hoped, for the good of all, that the rightful claims will be recognised, inasmuch as the peasants adhere to the legal solution of the contests with a moderation which is really surprising in a country where the sense of the law had been utterly perverted by a long exercise of arbitrary power. Still that sense exists in the people ; and the instinct of discriminating right from wrong by legal contests in the Forum seems truly rooted in their nature, as though through some traditional agency of their forefathers' spirit.

Brigands act, instead, perfectly unconcerned with such interests and questions, having no other object in view than a wholesale robbery from both high and low. And if, here and there, family relations with the outlaws, or, still worse, a tendency to share in the booty, and, in most cases, dread of their vengeance, bring some peasants to look with indulgence and even connivance upon the brigands, there is no general disposition to associate with them, or to convert brigandage into a social or civil war. A rapid sketch of its history and elements will confirm this statement.

We must first draw a distinction between the reactionary disturbances which took place during the transition from the old to the new state of things, and brigandage as it now is.

Whilst Francis II. was at Gaeta, and Civitella del Tronto in the Abruzzi was still garrisoned by Bourbonic troops, the reactionary faction tried to excite the ignorant populations of the mountains by spreading false rumours of an Austrian intervention, and of the return of the King to Naples. The gendarmes of Civitella del Tronto invaded some country towns ; and the mob who followed them killed the magistrates, invaded the houses of the liberals, and destroyed life and property without any regard to age or sex. Disturbances like these were planned by a part of the clergy and the servants of the fallen dynasty in the convents of Terra di Lavoro, in Capitanata, and elsewhere. Similar riots took place in the small towns and villages on the Garganic mountains (Monte Gargano), in the latter province. Fanatic monks and monsignori, and foreign adventurers like De Christen, La Grange, &c. were mixed up with the insurgents of the Abruzzi. And in all these movements there were two elements at work : the reactionary interest of those who profited by the abuses of the old *régime*, and the passions of a priest-ridden mob, led to mischief by superstition and the avidity of gain. Such outbreaks were partial, disorganized, and possible only in those places where there were no troops, and the national guard either not yet formed or badly armed. As soon as a few hundred patriots and regular troops marched against the rioters, they were dispersed or arrested. Those who escaped took refuge in the forests, and became outlaws. The liberated convicts of the prisons of Bovina swelled their ranks ; and several among the chiefs of brigands, who have subsequently invested those districts, as Carruso, Schiavone, Bruciapese, &c. have risen from such elements.

The last attempts of the same sort—namely, reaction through the means of the lowest orders in the towns—took place in Basilicata and Principato Ulteriore, during the spring and summer of 1861. Some of the principal families in those half-feudal districts had been great and

powerful under the Bourbons; and they conspired with Rome and with the Bourbonic Committees at Naples, and tried, by means of the worst elements of society, to further their aims. A new addition of bad characters was then at hand, furnished chiefly by the mistakes of the new rulers in Naples. The capitulated troops of Gaeta had got leave to go home; but those among them who belonged to the levies of the last two years were under the obligation of re-entering active service within two months' time. The disbanding of these demoralized soldiers proved mischievous in the highest degree. Many among them were equally reluctant to serve again and to return to the honest work of ordinary life. They were, therefore, the more ready to join in the schemes of the reactionary party. To these must be added the runaway prisoners and those who had been liberated, through neglect or malice, during the revolutionary crisis. Among the latter were Carmine Donatelli, better known under the nickname of Crocco, Nicola Summa, surnamed Ninco-Nanco, and other felons, who became chiefs of the bands in Basilicata. They had been condemned to gaol under the Bourbons as thieves and murderers, and were now called upon to play the principal part in their restoration. Donatelli entered Melfi as General Crocco; he was received as a guest in one of the principal families of the Bourbonic party, and honoured with official patents from the agents of Francis II. just in the same way as Fra Diavolo, Antonelli, and others were, at the beginning of the century, made prominent, as supporters of the throne and the altar, by Ferdinand II. and Caroline of Austria. These reactionary outbursts, however, were soon put an end to.¹ The national guards from the rest of the province, with patriots like Mennuni, Pisanti, Bruno, D'Errico, at their head,

hastened to the rescue of their friends, and in a week Crocco was a fugitive in the forest of Lagopesole, carrying with him a large sum of money, the fruit of his plunders. The wild and impassable forests of Lagopesole and Monticchio, in Basilicata, have since then been the theatre of his and Ninco-Nanco's exploits, although the bandits have been constantly pursued by the troops and the national guards, who have vied with each other in the pursuit of the outlaws for the last two years.

The reactions in Principato Ulteriore were marked by revolting atrocities. Ariano, Montefalcione, Montemiletto, witnessed horrible massacres. In the latter town seventeen liberals, who had taken refuge in a private house—among whom was Carmine Tarantino, a learned gentleman and a gallant officer of the national guard, and the Syndic Leone (a liberal and distinguished Churchman)—were fearfully mutilated. The rabble did not spare either women or children. Two of the victims, who cried amidst the tortures "Viva l'Italia!" were buried alive together with the corpses of the murdered. The leader of the gang, Vincenzo Petruzzello, of Montemiletto, was afterwards arrested and shot. He confessed that the money for paying the *banditti* was sent from Benevento and from Rome. All these ferocious attacks were put an end to by the national guards of Avellino and other towns of Principato Ulteriore, by the Hungarian legion which had formerly enlisted under Garibaldi, and by a few Garibaldini who were still at Nocera. No case of torture or brutal reprisals can be quoted against the citizens or the army in towns or villages. In some instances, however, the officers commanding the troops were deceived by false information, and some individuals were arbitrarily shot by military authority. Public opinion and many a voice in the Italian Parliament have loudly protested against this abuse of force; and Colonel Fumel, who, in his zeal for the repression of brigandage, exceeded the limits of moderation, was lately obliged to resign his functions in Calabria. The only case in which mili-

¹ See, among many other documents and writings on these reactions, the very valuable account of Camillo Battista, "*Reazione e Brigantaggio in Basilicata*," and Monnier's work, "*Sur le Brigandage dans les Provinces Napolitaines*."

tary vengeance took the upper hand was that of Pontelandolfo and Casalduni. At the approach of the brigands, who had been called in by the priests of those villages, all the liberal families sought refuge elsewhere. The few members of them who remained were murdered and their houses ransacked. Forty-two men of the 36th Regiment of Infantry marched there to attack the rebels. The unfortunate soldiers, encompassed on all sides by superior numbers, were all cut to pieces, with the exception of one who escaped to tell the sad tale. The day after, Colonel Negri, of the 36th, arrived at Pontelandolfo; and his men, horrified at the sight of the maimed limbs of their companions hanging, as bloody trophies, from the windows of the village, which had been deserted by both the brigands and their accomplices, set fire to Pontelandolfo. The reactionary party throughout Europe has repeatedly taken up this fact as a signal proof of the cruel and sanguinary tendencies of the Italian revolution—forgetting that their friends, the brigands, have left numberless traces of slaughter, destruction, and burning in all the provinces of Southern Italy. I do not justify the reprisals of the 36th Regiment of Infantry; but I can understand it after what had happened to their comrades.

The reactionary movements were then over. The attitude of the country proved beyond a doubt that the House of Bourbon had no followers among the educated classes, the workmen, and the majority of the settled peasantry. Not one town in the whole extent of the ex-kingdom declared itself for the restoration of Francis II. The dishonoured flag of the rejected king fell into the hands of his only supporters, the brigands; and brigandage has ever since appeared what it really was—an organization of ruffians and outlaws for the perpetration of common crimes. The history of these crimes has been fully recorded. Farms and villages ransacked, crops set fire to, sheep and cattle destroyed or stolen, the keepers and peasants who resist put to death, when not numerous enough to withstand the marauders; proprietors

financed and threatened with the destruction of their property if they refuse to pay their ransom; travellers, railway-engineers, and workmen, captured and appraised at heavy fines, and, if the money is not forthcoming, tortured and murdered; women and young girls dragged from their homes and shamefully outraged; liberal citizens and priests burnt on slow fires—such are the daily chronicles of brigandage.

We have a testimony of its character from a witness whom no friend of legitimacy can contradict. In autumn, 1861, the Spanish Borjes, deceived by the boasts and false representations of General Clary and other conspirators in Rome, hazarded an enterprise which proved fatal to him. Borjes was a fanatic in the cause of reaction, but honestly devoted to it. When he came to Calabria and Basilicata with his Spanish companions, instead of a political party ready to fight, he found himself among thieves and assassins, who thronged about him only for the sake of plunder, besides some French adventurers, and amongst them a certain Langlois, whom he soon learnt to despise. The deficiency of Italian troops and the inexplicable conduct of General La Chiesa allowed him to advance into the interior of the country, where Crocco and Ninco-Nanco, with their bands, came to meet him. The gang, however, was repeatedly beaten by the citizens of Basilicata at Pietragalla, at Muro, Bella, and Avigliano, and entirely routed at Pescopagano. Borjes and his few friends were robbed of their money and clothes; and, thus abandoned by all, they traversed, penniless and starving, the rest of the country, until, at the distance of a few miles from the Roman frontier, they were overtaken in a country-house by some of the Italian troops, and after a useless resistance made prisoners and shot. His Journal—a very remarkable and important document—is full of passages like the following:—

“November 3d. The greatest disorder reigns among our men, beginning with the chiefs” (viz: Crocco, Ninco-Nanco, D’Amati, &c.) “Thefts, massacres, and other abominations

were the consequence of this assault" (at a village called Trevigno). "I possess no authority whatever."

"November 5th. We stop at Caliciana. Royalists and liberals have been plundered without distinction in a dreadful way. A woman and three or four peasants have been murdered."

"November 9th. We arrived at Alliano (a reactionary village); the population receives us with the priest at their head, carrying the cross, and crying, 'Viva Francesco II.' which does not prevent the greatest disorders during the night. Such things would be surprising, were not the chief of the band (Crocco) and his followers the most determined robbers that I ever met with."

"November 23d. Crocco has made yesterday his reappearance. He burns the villas at the west-end of the town (of Bella)."

"Balbano, November 24th. The most unheard-of disorders took place in this borough. I loathe to give the particulars, so horrible are they under every aspect."¹

Such were the forces of the *legitimate* king amidst his *faithful* subjects. When Borjes was taken prisoner, he said, on the way to Tagliacozzo, to the officer who escorted him, "I was going to Rome to declare to King Francis II. that he has only thieves and knaves to defend him, that Crocco is a sacrilegious pant, and Langlois a brute."

After the example of Borjes, any political direction of brigandage must have appeared impossible to both the foreign and the domestic friends of the Bourbons. Still, conspiracy from without is as busy as ever. Even lately, some bands were freely organized in the Papal territory, and sent over the frontier. They have been defeated. But the nuisance will not cease so long as French occupation makes of Rome a secure asylum and a bulwark for all the enemies of the Italian nation. Nor is there the least doubt of the direct complicity of Francis II. and his agents at Rome and Naples, as well as that of the Papal Government, with the brigands. The results of the trials for reaction and brigandage in the last three years afford irrefutable evidence of the fact. ¶

And now the question is: How can

¹ The Journal of Borjes has been published by Monnier from the original manuscript, which is preserved together with the other papers found upon him.

brigandage be put down? Military persecution by regular troops has proved more or less a failure. The troops have devoted themselves to this inglorious war with an amount of endurance worthy of all praise. But it is worse than useless to wear them out in the pursuit of brigands, except on the Roman frontier, which is exposed to incursions of more soldierlike adventurers from without, and which must be guarded by a regular military cordon even for political considerations. It is impossible to conquer by mere military contrivances an enemy who ever flies, who lives in forests and grottoes, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the paths and lurking-places of both mountain and plain; who keeps his watch on the top of the hills, whence he can look down over many miles, and see every movement of his pursuers. The Italian army has, indeed, something better to do for the country than to run after thieves and assassins. Its duty and avocation is to fight foreign enemies. Its true field of honour and victory is on that part of the peninsula which still suffers under the domination of the stranger.

What then? Is brigandage to be left for ever to its licence? No. The country has plenty of means gradually to limit the mischief, and to do away with it entirely in the long run. The thing urgently required is to put these means regularly and perseveringly into organic action.

We have seen that the national guards, though not well organized or sufficiently armed, have accomplished the most efficient part in the repression of the reactions in 1861, although there was, in those reactions, a certain amount of party feeling at work. It would be absurd to suppose a less active disposition on their part against plunderers and assassins who place in continual jeopardy the property and life of each and all irrespectively of party distinctions. The greatest cause of weakness, up to the present, has been the mean and groundless distrust evinced by the Government towards the most devoted and active

elements of Italian patriotism, and generally of the popular party. A sort of bureaucratic caste—the offspring of all governments tending to centralization, as was the case with the old Piedmontese governments—has spread itself all over the country, smothering, to a certain extent, its free and healthy development. The narrow-minded and egotistical exclusiveness of the official world, and its spirit of *routine*, have retarded the progress of administrative reforms and local self-government, and created discontent in all provinces. Men never known before as liberals, and many known only as persecutors of the liberals, fill many an important place. Provincial and municipal magistrates, judges and other public officers, who had been influential under the Bourbons at the expense of the liberal party, are now equally influential under the mask of *moderates*, at the expense of every one who is not ready to swear to the creed of the governing *coterie*. As under the Bourbonic rule there were reactionists who persecuted liberal men, there is now a hypocritical liberalism persecuting dissenting patriots. This, of course, engenders neither cordiality nor active support from the unofficial classes towards the agents of the Government, although there is a patriotic feeling predominant everywhere, yearning to the ideal of Italian resurrection, and forgetting for its sake all unpleasant realities.

Let, then, the local energies be allowed free scope in their due sphere of administration and self-development; let the men who are true to their country be allowed to come forward to teach and lead the multitudes; let the national guards be fully armed and organized, and the select and mobilized portion of them appointed to watch over and pursue the outlaws; and the whole country will recover its now slackened faith, and co-operate actively for its own salvation. A few battalions of bersaglieri, and some regiments of horsemen from the regular army, will, here and there, be necessary as a leaven for the military action of citizens; but, above all, the defence of

the country must be entrusted to the country itself. Then the formation of a good civic and rural police is indispensable, and might be organized with success by means of local elements besides the ordinary gendarmes. The Committee of Inquiry, impressed with the necessity of a more speedy and efficient procedure against the crime of brigandage (a crime not contemplated by the ordinary penal code), has proposed an exceptional law to be partially and temporarily applied only in those districts which are actually infested by the outlaws. In their scheme, which is now under the examination of Parliament, they propose, among other extraordinary measures, the action of military tribunals against both the brigands taken arms in hand and the persons impeached as accomplices and conspirators. The committee was not unanimous on this point. The application of the military code to the outlaws, in the same way as it would be applied in the case of a foreign war, appears a wise, nay, a necessary measure; but few will approve of martial jurisdiction against persons arrested on suspicion of complicity with the marauders or of political conspiracy. In such cases all the guarantees of a regular procedure become the more important, inasmuch as, under existing circumstances, men's minds are more moved by anger, and the local factions readier to calumniate each other, and avenge, under political pretences, their own private wrongs. The jury should act in these as it does in ordinary occasions, for, surely, the certainty of a fair trial would tell more impressively on the conscience of the people. But then it would be indispensable to multiply with the assize courts the sections of magistrates appointed by the law to carry out the prosecution. Many an incumbrance and practical defect, as regards the territorial distribution of the tribunals and the sphere of their jurisdiction, in the new system of penal procedure, and, in some instances, the timidity or the partiality of some magistrates in dealing with cases of reaction, have produced great inconvenience. On the one side, the prisons

—the material condition of which in Southern Italy is amongst the worst legacies of Bourbonic barbarism—were filled with wretches, many of whom have not yet been tried; on the other, persons of higher standing, seriously obnoxious in the eyes of the people for having fostered reaction, were spared a judgment by jury through the culpable leniency of the judges. This produced a double mischief. The populations lost confidence in the efficiency of the common law, and the system of military executions without trial began to be looked upon with favour as the only remedy for the re-establishment of social security. Although facts have shown that such a system was no remedy at all, nor can ever prove so, I fully trust the efficiency of ordinary justice, if it is only made to act truly and earnestly. The juries, on their side, notwithstanding the novelty of the institution in Southern Italy, have proved equal to their task, showing impartiality and unhesitating resolution in all cases submitted to them.

But, far more than the exceptional laws and the severe repression which are now demanded against the deep-rooted evil of the past, the means of improvement which the country has at hand and the spreading of popular education will work the way to a future regeneration. The Italian people have a weighty, complicated, and apparently incompatible combination of questions to solve. There is the question of national emancipation—the question of Venice and of Rome—requiring a solution. Then there is a whole work of internal ameliorations to carry on: wastes to dig, marshes to dry, dirty, unwholesome towns to cleanse, roads to open, and harbourless coasts to provide with ports of refuge; and, more than all, an unconscious multitude, brutalised by misery and superstition, to be converted into a laborious class of intelligent and upright men. And the twofold task must proceed with simultaneous and collective efforts. They can neither be separated nor postponed to each other. The complete emancipation of the coun-

try is a necessary condition towards its free internal development, and the only reliable security for its future progress; whilst, on the other hand, every step in the way of internal improvement affords a new element of strength for the overthrow of those external obstacles which are opposed to the final constitution of Italy. The Italians have been forcibly idle for centuries under heavy visitations of conquest and tyranny. Let them not continue idle through their own neglect, but strive earnestly and faithfully for the accomplishment of their noble task. Little has been done up to the present in comparison with the vastness of the work that Providence has assigned to Italy.

Meanwhile, as regards the construction of roads and other public works, although their progress is still greatly disproportionate to the urgent wants of the country, the prospect is not altogether unsatisfactory. The railway which is to connect Northern and Central Italy with the Puglie is rapidly advancing. The branch from Ancona to Pescara has been lately opened, and in a few months that same line will reach Foggia and Barletta, thence to proceed to Bari and Brindisi. The branch from Naples to the Roman frontier is now in activity, and the works on the inland line from Salerno to Eboli and Laviano, and from Foggia to Conza, a line which will traverse the Apennines and join the two seas, are rapidly advancing.¹ And it is to be hoped that the delays which have hitherto retarded the progress of the railways in Calabria and Basilicata will soon be put an end to. The Parliament has voted 107,000,000 fr. for other public works besides railways; and has lately passed several bills for national and provincial roads, bridges, and ports in Southern Italy. A road from Sapri to the Ionian coast will open a direct communication between the Mediterranean and the Ionian Sea. Other roads will cross the provinces, and connect the Abruzzi with Central Italy. The provincial and the municipal

¹ Report made to the General Meeting of Shareholders by the President of the Council of Administration, April 27th.

administrations, through grants and loans from the State, will be enabled and incited to do their part of duty in this important section of national improvement; and the Provincial Council of Capitanata has recently voted a fund of half a million francs for the construction of the roads on the Gargano, now an almost inaccessible retreat for brigands. The ports of Naples, Manfredonia, and Brindisi will be improved by enlargements, breakwaters, and other constructions. A new harbour of great service will be opened at Santa Venera on the Calabrian coast. National industry and intellect are anxiously exploring the means and local opportunities which the country offers for the development of the ways of communication by land and sea, the bettering of its material condition, and for new sources of production.

Before coming to a close, I must mention some other important provisions which are about to be applied to the Neapolitan provinces. A law freeing the *Tavoliere* of Puglia from the bonds of Bourbonic legislation was passed last May by the Senate, and will undoubtedly meet with no objection in the rest of the Legislature. According to this law, the possessors of those lands will, from the 1st of January, 1864, become free proprietors, and their obligation towards the State will be liquidated, through successive payments, in twelve years' time, or in a shorter space if they choose to do so. Through this law, free-trade in land and good husbandry will spread their benefits over an extent of 300,000 *ettari* of fertile land, of which 225,000 are now wild pastures in the hands of only 1,066 *censiti*, and 75,000 are badly cultivated by 3,220 owners overcome by debts among an exhausted population of *proletaires*. The partition of communal lands, tending to convert the peasants into industrious farmers, is actively going on. The town council of Canosa, in Terra di Bari, for instance, has lately determined to divide into small lots, among the peasantry, an uncultivated piece of land on the Murgie. The annual profit which the

municipal administration drew from that property in its present state was 3,329 ducats (13,548 fr.). After the partition the farmers will pay collectively 4,348 ducats per annum, the rent settled upon each farm being extremely moderate. Thus the town will receive a benefit, and ameliorate the state of agriculture and the condition of the peasant. Similar operations are now carried on in many communes of Southern Italy, where, at the same time, there is a growing and increasing emulation for the foundation of schools and educational institutions. The effects of the impulse given by free trade to the commercial transactions, especially those that have been opened with the other provinces of Italy, are daily visible. And the sale of national estates, the application of ecclesiastical properties to social purposes, and the encouraging of institutions of credit, cannot fail greatly to augment the activity and wealth of the nation. I must not omit to state that the reform of the prisons and the moral treatment of the convicts are now the subject of the close attention of a Parliamentary Commission.

But whilst the forces of civilization and the aspirations of patriotism are thus striving after the consolidation of national life, foreign interference and the weakness of our own official policy exercise a baneful influence over the very heart of the nation. The one great object of national duty, the very foundation of all that can make Italy really free, independent, and self-relying—namely, its rescue from alien domination—is set aside by our statesmen as a matter of no urgent consideration. And this in a country where, three years ago, a band of heroes arisen from the people inscribed with their devotion and their blood that brilliant poem—"From Marsala to the Volturno"—which recalls the grandest deeds of ancient virtue. Whilst the redemption of Rome and the liberation of Venice are the yearning of the rising generation, and of all who remain young in intellect and heart among the older patriots—the watchword of all our associations whether

political or co-operative, of all our schools and universities, and of the people at large—whilst both the prudent and the sanguine equally proclaim the urgency of a solution, the country has never yet heard from her Government one single word of high-minded and severe protest against its foreign oppressors. There is a saddening contrast between the conscience and devotion of Italian patriotism and the attitude of Italian rulers. And this fatal contrast is a source of doubt and discouragement to many, and of party animosity. Nor can the frequent and unjustifiable tampering with the right of association and of public meetings, with individual

liberty and the freedom of the press, improve the influence of the governing party, or quell the manifestations of national feelings, inasmuch as the idea which inspires them is not one of rebellion, but of patriotic action for the furtherance of the national end. As long as the Italian Government will submit to the insidious policy which, under the pretence of protecting the Pope and the independence of the Church, aims, in reality, at the destruction of Italy, it must expect to lose ground and meet with the increasing opposition of the nation. We firmly believe in the maturity of Italy for taking a higher stand in the cause of truth, justice, and liberty.

FAITH.

God's Truth for steady North-point—nothing fear :
 Not lightning, darkness, beasts, or evil men,
 Wanderings in forest or in trackless fen,
 Nor through the fury of the floods to steer
 Where land is not remember'd. Tongue or pen
 May scatter folly : be thou tranquil then ;
 Bear griefs, wrongs, pains, or want that biteth near.
 The Maker of the World doth hold thee dear.
 As Day, above all cloud, walks down the west
 On silent floor of many-colour'd flame,
 So shall thy life seem when thou seest it best,
 Lifted to view its warrant and its claim.
 I tell thee God Almighty is thy friend ;
 Angels thy lying down and rising up attend.

LORD BACON AS NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

BY BARON LIEBIG, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, MUNICH.¹

BACON's biographers, as well as the greater number of those authors who have made his works their especial study, represent and consider him as the opponent of the scholastics, as the reviver of physical science, as the founder of a new method of investigation, and of a new philosophy—the so-called empirical or practical philosophy.

That the endeavours of modern philosophers—of the most intelligent men of the century—to assist the explorers of natural science on their difficult path, and to afford them a deeper and clearer insight into the nature of things should have utterly failed, seems a special fatality. Their peculiar views, not having any foundation whatever on true knowledge, could not in reality exercise any influence on scientific investigation; in the history of natural science their names have not found a place.

Quite different is the position of Bacon. After three hundred years his name still shines as a guiding star which, it is asserted, has shown us the right road and the true aim of science; and it will, therefore, not be uninteresting to trace with more exactitude than has hitherto been done, and deduce from his works themselves, the

share which Bacon has in the physical sciences of the present day.

Bacon lived in one of the most remarkable ages of our chronology. Great discoveries in the heavens and on earth had produced a mighty agitation in the minds of the people of Europe: he was the cotemporary of Kepler, Galileo, Stevin, Gilbert, Harriot; of the founders of our modern astronomy and physics, of mechanics, hydrostatics; of the doctrines of electricity and magnetism.

The history of physical science has this advantage over all others, that, in regard to the men who have furthered it or have helped to fix its foundations, the value of their discoveries and the influence of their ideas on the labour of their own or of our day can be weighed and determined with all possible accuracy. The facts and discoveries which have been the object of their investigations are, in themselves, imperishable: they are now as open to our observation and our test as they were centuries ago; every one of the experiments then made can be repeated; we are easily able to put ourselves in the same position and recall the very same conditions as those under which they were made; we can form a judgment of the explanations these men gave of certain phenomena by aid of their understanding, as well as of those for which they were indebted to their fancy—of what preceded their ideas and what afterwards connected itself with them.

From Bacon's scientific works, therefore, it is possible, with the greatest certainty, to determine what share he had in the great questions of his age—if he stood in the mighty intellectual current or out of it; how the discoveries of the great astronomers and natural philosophers influenced his mind; whether they were the seeds

¹ It will be understood that, while we think it right to make *Macmillan's Magazine* the medium through which Baron Liebig may publish the very severe criticism of Bacon's scientific pretensions which he has been desirous to publish, and of which the present is the first and milder part, we by no means commit ourselves to the views which he argues. We only consider that, authenticated as these views are by a name of such celebrity and responsibility in the world of science as Baron Liebig's, their unpalatable nature ought not to prevent them from receiving attention, and that they may perhaps open or reopen a discussion of no small importance, in the course of which Bacon's true claims may be vindicated.—*Editor*.

from which sprung his ideas, and if, altogether, he comprehended and rightly appreciated them.

BACON'S "HISTORIA NATURALIS."

The most important work of Bacon for such examination is, doubtless, his "*Historia Naturalis*," or "*Sylva Sylvarum*:" a compilation which includes the whole range of his studies of nature, his observations, experiments, and, in short, of his knowledge altogether. In the introduction to this work, (*The Works of Lord Bacon*. Edition of 1846. Henry G. Bohn, London. Pages 81, 82,) it is said that Bacon "intended to 'write such a natural history as may 'be fundamental to the erecting and 'building of a true philosophy, for the 'illumination of the understanding, the 'extracting of axioms, and the producing of many noble works and effects. 'For he hopeth by this means to acquit 'himself of that for which he taketh 'himself as a sort bound—and that is, 'the advancement of all learning and 'sciences—and that in the present 'work, he has collected the materials 'for his *Novum Organum*.'"

The most remarkable parts of this introduction are the beginning and the end, where it is said that, according to an intimation of Bacon himself, the world, in the "*Historia Naturalis*," is "the world as God made it, and not "as men had made it, and that it hath "nothing of imagination." The commencement of the introduction offers an amusing contradiction to this assertion; for Rawley, Bacon's secretary, relates quite innocently how, in the compilation of the work which had been entrusted to him, he had had the honour of being constantly with his lordship, and he therefore must know best that the work could not contain the world as God had created it, he himself having diligently collected the contents from books. Accordingly it was the additions of his master which, in Rawley's eyes, gave the work so high a value; and it is these, indeed, which, for our comprehension of Bacon's point

of view, are of infinite importance. To every recorded fact, or phenomenon, or event, Bacon, namely, appended a cause or explanation. In a few instances was he able to do this from his own experience; and in some of them he illustrates his meaning by experiments.

In his "*Novum Organum*" Bacon has explained to us the principles and the method according to which natural phenomena are to be examined; and the subjects treated of in the "*Historia Naturalis*" must be looked upon as the practical vouchers for his particular mode of inquiry. Thus, with their assistance, we can judge to a nicety how far his principles and their application are adapted to each other, or how his practice and his theory agree together.

He says, in his "*Novum Organum*" (I. Aph. 34), "that, till he came, all "knowledge was hollow, empty, and un- "fruitful: the right path had not been "found, which was to go to facts, in order "to learn their arrangement and their "connexion." The true method "is not "to proceed from indetermined results, "subsequently obtained, but from well- "understood, well-ordered facts." (N. O. i. 32).

The "*Historia Naturalis*" comprises, in ten centuries, all the facts collected by Bacon and his secretary from books of travel, chemical, physical, and medicinal works; and the task he set himself was, as remarked above, the explanation of these. The properties of bodies, metals and stones, of plants and animals, air and water, decay, chemical and vital processes, combustion, &c. &c. &c. are here all alluded to and explained.

I select a few examples, not because they are the best samples of his method of explanation, but because they are short and take up least room. They are all identical in their nature and quality:—

"Of bodies, some we see are hard and some soft: the hardness is caused chiefly by the jejuneness of the spirits, and their impurity with the tangible part; softness, contrariwise, by the greater quantity of spirits."—S. §. 844.
"Liquifiable and not liquifiable proceed from these causes: liquification is ever caused

by the detention of spirits, which play with the body and open it. Therefore such bodies as are more touched of spirit, or that have their spirits more straightly imprisoned, or, again, that hold them better pleased and content, are liquifiable : for these three dispositions of bodies do arrest the emission of the spirits."—S. S. 840.

"For spirits are nothing else but a natural body rarified to a proportion, and included in the tangible parts of bodies, as in an integument."—S. S. 98.

"Putrefaction is the work of the spirits of bodies which ever are unquiet to get forth, congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sunbeams."—S. S. 328.

"So much is true that stones have in them fine spirits as appeareth by their splendour ; and therefore they may work by consent on the spirits, and exhilarate them. Those that are the best for that effect are the diamond, the emerald, the hyacinth oriental, and the gold stone, which is the yellow topaz."—S. S. 960.

These views, with the exception of those on precious stones, are taken almost literally from the writings of Paracelsus (1541) ; which is mentioned only to show that, in such matters, Bacon's point of view was not essentially different from that of his time. But it would be an injustice to make this a reproach. It is very different, however, with the explanations which he had not received from others, and which must be taken as characteristic of his power of perception and the operation of his mind. The following examples are among the most simple :—

"Water in wells is warmer in winter than in summer, and so air in caves. The cause is for that in the hither parts under the earth there is a degree of some heat, which, shut close in as in winter, is the more ; but if it perspire, as it doth in summer, it is the less."—S. S. 885.

"It hath been observed by the ancients that salt water will dissolve salt put into it in less time than fresh water will dissolve it. The cause may be, for that the salt in the precedent water doth, by similitude of substance, draw the salt new put in unto it."—S. S. 883.

"Put sugar into wine, part of it above and part under the wine, and you shall find that which may seem strange—that the sugar above the wine will soften and dissolve sooner than that within the wine. The cause is, for that wine entereth that part of the sugar which is under the wine by simple effusion or spreading, but that part above the wine is likewise forced by sucking ; for all spongy bodies expel the air, and draw in liquor if it be contiguous, as we see it also in sponges put apart above the water."—S. S. 884.

These explanations of the simplest things show clearly that Bacon did not really know how a fact should be approached, or that its establishment or its investigation was at all necessary as preliminary to a solution. Neither water in wells, nor the air in cellars, is warmer in winter than in summer ; and, under certain circumstances, salt water will not dissolve salt at all—in no case more quickly than in fresh water. In his explanation of the solution of sugar, he quite simply describes the process. The cause, according to him, is the porosity of the sugar. That the part immersed is just as porous as that which is not, is for him a circumstance not worth considering.

"It is affirmed constantly by many, as a usual experiment, that a lump of ore in the bottom of a mine will be tumbled and stirred by two men's strength, which, if you bring it to the top of the earth, will ask six men's strength, at the least, to stir it."—S. S. 33.

Bacon explains the circumstance in the following manner :—Every body has its own peculiar place assigned it by Nature ; remove it thence, and it will fall into a sort of rage. Hence the violent striving to return to its original place, though it will put up with a slight dislocation. Hence, too, he explains why bodies fall, and the increasing velocity of falling bodies.

Take, finally, the following :—

"Starlight nights, yea, and bright moonshine nights, are colder than cloudy nights. The cause is the dryness and fineness of the air, which thereby becometh more piercing and sharp ; and, as for the moon, though for itself it inclineth the air to moisture, yet when it shineth bright it argueth the air is dry. Also, close air is warmer than open air, which, it may be, is, for that the true cause of cold is an expiration of the globe of the earth, which in open places is stronger ; and, again, air itself, if it be not altered by that expiration, is not without some secret degree of heat, as it is not likewise without some secret degree of light ; for otherwise cats and owls could not see in the night."—S. S. 866.

It will be observed that the reason which Bacon gives for the cold at night-time is only a more exact account of the condition of the air in the nights that are cold.

"The influences of the moon most observed are four: the drawing forth of heat, the inducing of putrefaction, the increase of moisture, the exciting of the motions of spirits."—*S. S.* 890.

When Bacon wants to explain the presence of dew while the moon is shining, then, according to him, she disseminates moisture; but the dryness of the air on moonlight nights is also owing to the moon; she must, however, then shine very brightly.

Bacon becomes much more interesting when we follow him in his refutations, his arguments, and experiments. He refutes, for example, the opinion of Aristotle on the bright-green, red, and sky-blue colours of the plumage of birds; who believed that a certain connexion existed between them and the climate and the sun's rays. This is quite false, says Bacon:—

"The true cause is that the excrementitious moisture of living creatures, which maketh as well the feathers in birds as the hair in beasts, passeth in birds through a finer and more delicate strainer than it doth in beasts, for feathers pass through quills, and hair through skin."—*S. S.* 5.

The pith of this explanation is, therefore, that birds have more beautiful colours than quadrupeds, because they have plumage, or, in other words, because they are birds. That there are black and white birds in which the juices that produce the feathers also pass through quills, is not taken into account.

What follows will be quite unintelligible, unless we remember that all investigations of nature were made by Bacon in his study—that the facts he dilates on are taken from books, and that the experiments and their results, which are to serve as proofs, are for the most part, his own invention. He explains to himself some occurrence, then imagines an experiment that would prove this solution to be right, and leaves us to accept his invented experiment for a real one.

Bacon assumes, for example, that spirit of wine possesses hidden warmth; and he proves it thus: "Albumen when put into it curdles, as when boiled,"

and he adds, "and because bread put into it is toasted, and gets a crust like baked bread." The latter assertion is a mere fancy of his own.

It is a notion of Bacon that the hardening and putrefaction of soft bodies is brought about by warmth, by cold, and assimilation. In proof of it he quotes the following experiment with variegated sand-stone and pewter. He boiled both in a great quantity of water; and he says: "The freestone he found received in some water, for it was softer. But the pewter, into which no water could enter, became more white and liker to silver and less flexible by much."—*S. S.* 88. We know that under such circumstances pewter suffers no change whatever, and that what Bacon here says is therefore mere invention.

His untruth increases in proportion as the incidents he would explain become more complicated. Flame and its nature often occupied his attention:—

"It is not red-hot air (*negat illud vulgatum, flammam esse aerem incensum.*—*Th. Coeli.*) as many believe, but air is inimical to it.

"It appeareth also that the form of a pyramid in flame is merely by accident, and that the air about, by quenching the sides of the flame, crusheth it, and extenuateth it into that form; for of itself it would be round; and therefore smoke is in the figure of a pyramid reversed; for the air quencheth the flame and receiveth the smoke."

This is shown by the following experiment:—

"Take a small wax candle and put it in a socket of brass or iron; then set it upright in a porringer full of spirit of wine heated: then set both the candle and spirit of wine on fire, and you shall see the flame of the candle open itself and become four or five time bigger, and appear in figure globular, and not in pyramid. You shall see also that the inward flame of the candle keepeth colour, and doth not wax any whit blue towards the colour of the outward flame of the spirit of wine. This is a noble instance, wherein two things are most remarkable: the one, that one flame within another quencheth not; the other, that flame doth not mingle with flame as air doth with air."—*S. S.* 3.

Hereupon Bacon gives us his conception of the nature of the heavenly bodies, which, as it seems, are rolling

flames. The entire experiment is, as we know, quite impossible. In the midst of a flame there is no oxygen, and a second flame cannot burn within it.

Bacon propounded the opinion that bodies grow heavier on being dissolved, and brings forward the following proof: "Weigh iron in aqua-fortis severally; then dissolve the iron in the aqua-fortis, and weigh the dissolution, and you shall find it to bear as good weight as the bodies did severally, notwithstanding a good deal of waste by its thick vapour that issueth during the working, which sheweth that the opening of a body doth increase the weight."—*S. S.* 789. What he subjoins is amusing enough: "This was tried once or twice, but I know not whether there were any error in the trial." Our exposition of which is, that he found what we find on repeating the experiment—a loss of weight; but he cares more for his notion than for the fact, in opposition to which he allows his reader to believe, in other cases also, that the "opening" increases the weight.

The above are examples of the experiments which he calls "fructiferous." Opposed to these are the "luminiferous." The difference between the two is that the former are made according to an idea and serve as means of proof. "The others possess the remarkable quality that they never deceive our expectation. Indeed we do make them, not for the sake of accomplishing a work but in order to investigate the natural cause of a thing. The result is always sure."—*N. O.* xcix.

An example of such "luminiferous experiments" follows here, and shows that by them Bacon understood experiments which are practised without knowing what we are about. They are to be compared to acts without a motive, and their result therefore is without end or aim:—

"The continuance of flame, according unto the diversity of the body inflamed and other circumstances, is worthy the inquiry. We will therefore first speak at large of bodies inflamed wholly and immediately without any wick to help the inflammation. A spoonful of spirit of wine, a little heated, was taken,

and it burned as long as came to 116 pulses. The same quantity of spirit of wine, mixed with the sixth part of a spoonful of nitre, burned for the space of 94 pulses; with the same quantity of gun-powder, 110 pulses. A cube or pellet of yellow wax was taken and set in the midst, and it burned only to the space of 87 pulses. With the sixth part of milk, 100 pulses; with the sixth part of water, 86 pulses; with half the water, only 4 pulses; with a small pebble in the midst of the spirit to the space of 94 pulses."—*S. S.* 366.

Bacon intends to measure the influence of different bodies on the combustion of spirit of wine by means of a number. It must first be observed that he cannot possibly wish or intend to employ the number for any purpose, inasmuch as "a spoonful" is something quite undetermined, changing with the size of the spoon; and then that it is he who has decided or changed the duration of the burning, and not the substances he places in the spoon. For the time which the spirit will burn depends on its quantity; and, as in a spoonful, where there is no saltpetre, or gunpowder, or pebble there must naturally be more spirit than when these objects are present, the numbers obtained do not in any way express the relation between these things and the time of the burning. A spoonful of spirit without anything else in it would of course burn longest; in all the other experiments there was a smaller quantity of spirit in the spoon.

"The true method does not seek at random," says Bacon, "but from well-understood facts it deduces the principles (*axiomata*) which, when once determined, lead to new experiments."—*N. O.* Aph. 81. This right principle, which, in almost the same words, Leonardo da Vinci had uttered half a century before Bacon, and to whose adoption he owed the most admirable and beautiful discoveries in physical science, mechanics, hydraulics, &c., becomes, when practised by Bacon, a perfect caricature, so that it is no longer recognisable. The best proof of this is his method of making gold (*S. S.* 326, 327). All Bacon's works begin with the continually repeated complaint of the miserable condition of science before his time, and

with the reasons for it; and he then, in grandiloquent phrases, extols the new ways and instruments that he has discovered for the improvement of such pitiable state, and in order to lead the sciences to their true end. In this wise he begins the description of his gold-making process:—

"The world," he says, "hath been much abused by the opinion of making of gold: the work itself I judge to be possible, but the means hitherto propounded to effect it are in the practice full of error and imposture, and, in the theory, full of unsound imaginations. Six axioms of maturation must be observed. The first is, that there be used a temperate heat. The second, that the spirit of the metal be quickened, and the tangible parts opened. The third, that the spirits do spread themselves even, and move not subultorily. The fourth is, that no part of the spirit be emitted, but detained. The fifth, that there be choice made for the likeliest metal for the version. The sixth, that you give time enough for the work. These principles are most certain and true. Let there be a small furnace made of a temperate heat. For the material take silver; put in also with the silver one-tenth part quicksilver, and one-twelfth part nitre by weight, and so let the work be continued by the space of six months at the least. An injection of some oily substance will make to lay the parts more close and smooth, which is the main work."—*S. S. 327.*

In this recipe we have the whole man; Bacon and all his works. All the means that he indicates to make gold are erroneous and deceptive, and the axioms of which his theory is made mere fantastic conceits.

Whoever studies his "*Novum Organum*," or any other of his works, diligently and in good faith, and, with patience and perseverance, follows up a single thought of his through all its turnings, and into all its corners, will find that it resembles, in its origin, a merry spring bursting forth out of the ground. It gives us reason to hope that we shall be led by it, through green and flowery meadows, to cool shady woods, to a brook with mills beside it, and, at last, to a stream bearing ships upon its waters; but, instead of this, the wanderer is brought into a desert, where there is no life, and where the rivulet vanishes amid the barren sand. At first, we take this for a chance

occurrence, and think that, in a second or third attempt, we shall be led in other directions more satisfactory; but at last the conviction forces itself upon us, that the whole was but a painted decoration. Eventually we discover the intention, and are ashamed of ourselves for having been deluded by so coarse a deception.

It is impossible not to admire Bacon's skill in the choice and arrangement of his means to produce a profound impression on the mind of the society for whom he writes his works; and his success shows how rightly he estimated the mental standing of his readers in all that related to scientific matters. All the odds and ends of knowledge, which, in his "*Historia naturalis ventorum, soni et auditus, densi et rari*," &c., are hung out for show, were others' property, and taken, as he owns, from the books of his contemporaries. Thus, his tables of electric and non-electric bodies, and the facts concerning the magnet ("*Inquisitio de Magnete*") are literal extracts from Gilbert's celebrated work, "*De Magnete, magneticisque corporibus, et de magno magnete Tellure, Physiologia Nova*." Lond. 1600. He describes Drebbel's thermoscope in Drebbel's own words; but on one point he remains true to the law which he so warmly recommends, "to abjure all authorities, and to allow no one but oneself to be of any account." Accordingly, on no occasion does he mention the author of the work thus robbed, or bestow on him a word of recognition for what he has received.

In our day, when greater sensitiveness reigns in such matters, Bacon's proceeding would certainly be called an unblushing plagiarism; but in those times the plunder of the little by the great was nothing unusual, and the notions about property and theft were not so distinctly marked as they are now.¹ In Bacon's case especially, the

¹ The young princes and the courtiers of Charles were all accused of constantly stealing in the houses they went to.—"Montaigne, the Essayist." A Biography, by Bayle St. John. P. 158.

theft was perpetrated for a high aim ; and the voices of those who had the impudence to complain of it did not penetrate the circle in which he moved. It was in this sense he wrote to Burleigh (Letter 7), "I have taken all knowledge to be my province ;" and as he, the conqueror, finds it very unfitting that in such domain there should be people whose silence he is unable to enforce, he continues—"If I could "purge it of two sorts of rovers, where—"of the one with frivolous disputation, "confutation, and verbosities, the other "with blind experiments and auricular "traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils." Without once telling us, or even hinting at the discrepancies which his contemporaries or predecessors, whom he so condemns, were guilty of in their observations, experiments, or conclusions, he mixes up all together in such a manner that every one turns away with a natural feeling of aversion. "There is absolutely no such thing more as an honest "investigation of Nature. It has been "spoiled and poisoned by Aristotle "by his logic ; by Plato by means of "his natural theology ; and then by "Proclus and others by means of "mathematics" (N. O. i. 96). This last Bacon always dreads as though it were a poison ; yet he cannot conceal from himself that it might possibly be very effective ; but it is never where he would like to place it.

"Scholars, credulous and superficial, give ear to fables and the assertions of hear-say experiences, and do not scruple to use these to strengthen and confirm their investigations. In their *Historia Naturalis* there is nothing which is rightly observed, tested, calculated, weighed, or measured. And just as their observations are hesitating and uncertain, so, too, their explanations are deceptive and unreliable."—N. O. i. 98.

It is clear that Bacon did not write his work for men of science of his day, for these most pitiable individuals are all of the same stamp ; there is, according to his lordship, not one exception ; he classes them altogether as belonging to the same mob. They are talkers, freebooters, deceived or deceivers, and

not one is worthy the notice of a gentleman. "No one before him had a soul "great enough to divest himself of all "theories and notions handed down to "us from our ancestors, and to turn "his mind to the consideration of the "special. And therefore is it that our "present knowledge is nothing but the "trash of credulity, and chance events, "and childish notions" (N. O. i. 96). With him, however, all is otherwise.

"But when a man (Bacon) of ripe age, with senses not to be misled, and with a pure soul, turns his attention to practical matters and special instances, of such a one something better may naturally be expected."—N. O. i. 97.

"We have, for our own part, the deeds of Alexander the Great before our eyes ; but let no one interpret this as vanity, for the explanation which Livy gives of the feeling is fitting also for us : Posterity will say of us that we achieved what is great, because others held that to be great which we looked upon as little."—N. O. i. 97.

"Like Columbus, we will discover a new world in science."—N. O. i. 97.

"And we, nevertheless, are not mere promisers, who warp the judgment of others by force or cunning, but of their own free will we lead men by the hand."—N. O. i. 92.

Bacon is conscious that in most instances he is not truthful, and has the prudence to blunt the weapons of his adversaries beforehand. He is without tolerance for others, so much do they stand below him ; but with him it is a matter of course that he, whose deeds equal those of Alexander and Columbus, is to be measured by another standard.

"If, in reading attentively our *Historia Naturalis* and our *Tables of Invention*, some of them, or even of our experiments, were found to be doubtful or totally false, the conclusion might perhaps be drawn that our principles and discoveries were of like value. But this in reality is not the case ; for such errors are like those a compositor makes in substituting one letter for another. A practised reader is not put out by this. When these errors and things which are false be found in our *Historia Naturalis*, collected and put together with so much care, diligence, and religious conscientiousness, this is of no consequence whatever. What are we to think of other scientific works which, compared to our own, are written with so much carelessness and credulity."—N. O. i. 118.

Vain self-praise and detraction of

others' merit go always hand in hand with his lordship, just as with other vulgar specimens of humanity. Should any one be inclined to think his works bad, let him first look, says Bacon, at those of others. He, on the whole, coins only gold, while they issue base copper currency; and if, occasionally, this latter also bears his impress, it was only owing to over-haste and want of caution, and there will be no difficulty in separating the two.

Bacon does not fail to make his contemporaries observe that something more is to be expected of them for his successful investigations. "The work and its reward do not lie in one and the same hand. Progress in science emanates from great minds, while the profit and the prize are found with the powerful and with the people, who rarely rise in their knowledge above mediocrity; and thus a furthering of science misses not only the reward, but also the approbation of the multitude" (N. O. i. 91).

With Bacon all is external: nowhere in his works do you find a trace of the inner joy or love which animated a Kepler, a Galileo, or a Newton, in their examinations or discoveries, or the humility which the accomplishment of a great work called forth, on beholding how much more and how much greater things were still to be done. These men, whether persecuted, disregarded, or oppressed, never depreciate or detract from what others have done; and not one of them ever thought of claiming the reward or the approbation of the crowd for works which in themselves afford so profound a satisfaction. Compared to those men, Bacon shows like a quack-doctor, who, standing before his booth, tries to make his rivals appear as ignorant as possible; who vaunts his wondrous cures, and praises the remedies with which he promises to raise the dead and banish illness from the world; and, finally, hints that such services to humanity are not unworthy of recompense. "Our Sylva Sylvarum," says

Bacon (S. S. 93), "is, to speak properly, not Natural History, but a high kind of Natural Magic. For it is not a description only of nature, but a breaking of nature into great and strange works." We know at how much the work is to be estimated.

The "Historia Naturalis" of Bacon does not present us the world as God created it, but, as regards all that Bacon has super-added, a world full of illusion and deceit. After our experience of the former work, which forms the groundwork of his "Novum Organum," we shall be able to disclose beforehand what our author gives us in this. In judging the work, we must not allow ourselves to be dazzled by the brilliancy of the phrases, bright as gems, which make us only too easily forget what their ornament conceals.

The most important for us is his inductive method; the new instrument, which he, the inventor, commends to natural philosophers for the attainment of their end. As no one can expect to accomplish more with it than Bacon has done, and as he has described its application most minutely in his experiments on the nature of heat, there can be no doubt that by making ourselves acquainted with his mode of procedure, we shall be able to form an opinion as to the value of his method.

BACON'S METHOD OF INDUCTION.

The following are his directions:—If the task assigned be to investigate the nature of heat, we should first mark down in separate columns whatever may be considered warm or the contrary. Those things which have the nature of heat come on one side, and are the affirmative instances: on the other come the negative instances, by which are meant things in which the nature of heat is wanting. In this wise Bacon traces out two tables, from which I select a few "instances"—by which word example, incident, fact, or occurrence, is meant:—

THOSE THAT HAVE HEAT OR THAT ARE
WARM.

Sunbeams, especially in summer and at noon.
Lightning when it ignites.
All flames.
The air in cellars in winter.
Wool and feathers.
Oil of vitriol.
Fresh horse-dung.
Spirit of wine, and spirit, and oleum origani.
Strong vinegar.

THOSE THAT HAVE COLD OR ARE COLD.

Moonbeams.
Sunbeams in the middle regions of the earth.
Lightning when it does not ignite.
The ignis fatuus.
The coruscation of the sea.
The air in cellars in summer.
Snow, when the hands are rubbed with it,
makes warm.

A glance at this table suffices to show beyond a doubt that it was the work of a scribe deputed by his lordship, and who extracted from books every passage where the words warmth, warm, hot, heating, burns, and cold, cool, cooling, were met with. And thus it happens that oil of vitriol, which "burns" holes in clothes, brandy, vinegar, spiritus origani, which "burns" the tongue, are to be found quietly standing beside feathers and wool which keep "warm;" and fresh horse dung which smokes, beside flames and sunbeams.

According to this table, we are to form a *tabula graduum*, which is to be applied later in the process of induction; to compare the relative value of the affirmative and negative instances, and prepare our judgment. For such work his lordship had no need to quit his writing-table. Thus, according to him, wood is warmer than metal; sulphur contains a latent warmth; the natural warmth of feathers is deduced from the circumstance that, in the East, butter when wrapped in a stuff made of down melts. The question, whether meat could not be "smoked" by means of some "hot"-tasting matter, is also mooted by him. The flame of a spirit-lamp gives the least heat; that of dry dead wood is greater than that of logs; red-hot iron has more heat than a spirit-flame (in which iron is made to glow). Then, again, motion has an influence on heat; for example, the motion of the wind and of the bellows increases the heat. By moving a burning-glass slowly over tinder, it will ignite more quickly than if, without moving the hand, the glass be at once brought to the right focus. Cold excites and animates the flames to grow hotter, as may be seen on

the hearth in winter. How an inimical motion acts upon heat, can be seen in a burning coal, which is put out by the foot. The pressure hinders the warmth from moving in the coal and from consuming it, for flames require room in order to move and shine. Only explosive flames, like those of gunpowder, form an exception; because these, when compressed, fall into a sort of rage. Of all matter, the air absorbs heat most quickly, as Drebbel's thermoscope shows, extending when warm, and contracting again in the cold.

In order rightly to understand Bacon's inductive process, it would perhaps be useful to develop here his theory of "instances," which he applies in his experiments. Bacon, be it known, supposes that in every instance considered for itself, only a portion of the governing law is to be recognised, veiled as it is and hidden by other things; and consequently in one instance this is more clear to the observation or to the understanding than in another. It is, therefore, necessary to bring as many instances together as possible, in order that we may learn to distinguish those in which the law is palpably recognisable. Thus Bacon distinguishes, according to the degree of their provability, twenty-seven instances, *instantias migrantes, solitarias, clandestinas, ostensivas, &c. &c.* and gives to each, for the sake of characterising it, certain examples. To the reader these appear quite void of sense or meaning; when, however, their author's real point of view is considered, they are not so by any means. In his investigations of light, the prismatic colours are *instantias solitarias*—why and wherefore, we are not told: in his examinations of white colour, he places

froth of water and powdered glass among the *instantiæ migrantes*. When gravity is the object of his researches, quicksilver, because of its great weight, is an *instantia ostensiva*; when fluidity, then soap lather or a stream of water running uninterruptedly from a roof, is an *instantia clandestina* or *crepusculi*; which latter is so called, because in the froth a fluid is not to be recognised, and the jet of water might, for aught the spectator would know, be a piece of glass.

Provided with the necessary apparatus—that is to say having resolved which are the palpable, satisfactory or convincing instances, a proceeding that naturally presupposes a certain ready-formed opinion—Bacon begins the process of exclusion. The various instances must be analysed by the understanding, which, in this case, means that the whole ballast of facts and effects with which the vessel is laden is, with the exception of a few, to be thrown overboard. Bacon, for example, says: Warmth is earthly and heavenly—therefore away with volcanoes and sunbeams. When placed in the fire iron grows hot, but does not expand—away then with expansion. The air when warmed expands, but does not thereby grow warm—away then with local and expansive motion. In this process the grand thing is, that the exclusion is extended to whatever thing or phenomenon it is not found possible to make fit in to the system. “When once we have done with these,” says Bacon, (that is, when one or all these natures are arbitrarily got rid of) “we know that they do not belong to the nature of warmth; man is freed from them, and needs not to have anything more to do with them.” (*Omnes et singulæ naturæ prædictæ non sunt e forma calidi. Atque ab omnibus naturis prædictis liberatur homo in operatione super calidum*—N. O. ii. 18.

After having followed his teacher through thick and thin, the scholar, tired and stupefied and without a landmark to guide him, is told at last, “The goal is won: all things considered, the nature of warmth seems to consist of motion.” And the proof is furnished

by three ostensible instances: 1st. By flame, which (*maxime ostenditur*) is apparently in constant motion. 2d. By the bubbling and the motion of boiling water. 3d. By the increase of heat owing to the additional motion caused by blasts of air. Finally, by the decrease of heat and the extinguishing of fire, when the motion of warmth is arrested in consequence of pressure or compression. (As when embers are trodden on by the foot.) “Its nature is also shown therein, that a strong heat destroys or visibly changes all bodies, and all in all proves that warmth produces a lively motion, a violent agitation, a sort of uproar in the innermost parts of the body.” To go further into his definition is hardly necessary: it will suffice to remark, that in order to comprise in it all that the senses can perceive as being an effect of warmth, he adds to his first definition two Modifications and four Differences.

Bacon's mode of proceeding ceases to be unintelligible if we remember that he was a lawyer and a judge, and that his dealing with a natural process is exactly the same as if he had some civil or criminal case in hand. Viewed in this light, we understand at once his division of instances, and the relative value he assigns to each. They are the witnesses whose evidence he receives, and he forms his judgment accordingly. In a case of murder, for example, one witness has heard of the affair; a second has seen a man running away in a certain direction (*instantia crepusculi*); a third heard the report and saw the flash of the gun; a fourth, from his hiding-place beheld the murder committed, &c. Two or three such depositions as those of the last witness are now *instantia ostensive*: the case is ripe for judgment, the other deponents are heard, but what they say has no important influence on his decision.

With regard to warmth, the chain of Bacon's ideas is pretty nearly as follows:—As to the rays of the sun, there is nothing to be done with them on account of the snow that is continually on the high mountains, which are much nearer

to the sun ; nor with the moonbeams either, for, were they concentrated by means of a burning-glass, they might, after all, give heat. The warmth of feathers, wool, fresh horse-dung, has relationship to animal warmth, the origin of which is involved in obscurity ; and, as iron when heated does not expand, and as boiling water is very hot without giving forth light, we have here a proof of the absence of expansion and of light. A feeling of warmth may deceive, for to a cold hand tepid water is warm, and to a warm hand the same water is cold. With taste we get on still worse. Oil of vitriol *burns* holes in stuffs, yet has a sour and not hot taste ; *spiritus origani* tastes burning hot, yet does not burn. Accordingly we have left to guide us only what the eye sees and the ear hears ; such as the trembling of the flame and the bubbling of boiling water. Stronger evidence is attainable by the employment of the rack, which in this case is a bellows, making the agitation of the flame so violent, that it is heard to sigh like water when boiling—or pressure with the foot, which puts an end to all heat ; and thus from the poor sufferer, warmth, a confession is wrung that it is a restless, rebellious spirit, constantly endangering the peaceful existence of all other bodies corporate. Let it not be thought that this is a mere fanciful picture of Bacon's inductive method : it is, on the contrary, the method itself.

His investigation of the nature of heat is wound up with a paragraph which is the gem of the whole work. It furnishes a recipe for producing heat.

"If you are able to excite heat in a natural body, so that it strive to expand or enlarge itself, and you do so press it back and in upon itself in such wise that the expansion cannot regularly take place, but, on the contrary, partially maintains itself and partly is forced back, then, without doubt, you will engender heat."—*N. O.* ii. 20.

This recipe, the produce of his manipulations with his new instrument, proves incontestably that Bacon, its inventor, could never have been able to kindle a fire by its help ; and that sense-

less contorted phrases would be of little use in heating a room.

Bacon promises to show us a road that shall lead to a solution of the highest questions on the inner nature of things ; and, when we accompany him, he leads us round and round in a labyrinth, and is himself unable to get out. His inductive method leaves him perfectly helpless in determining the simplest conceptions ; and at the end of a diffuse investigation we learn as much as we knew at the beginning. He turns round and round in a circle, and gives us his own imaginings of things as he sees them from afar, he the while never leaving the narrow spot on which he stands. He is incapable of rising to a simple comprehension of the temperature, of the unequal conductivity of heat, of bad or good conductors of it, or of radiation ; and it is difficult to understand how a man moderately well disposed to observe, who makes an investigation regarding heat, and who knows that cold contracts, so that iron nails lose their hold of wood in frosty weather—who had observed that in Drebbel's thermoscope the air expanded on being heated ; it is wonderful, we say, how such a one could have failed to see that a change of volume arising from a change of heat was a general characteristic belonging to all bodies.

Bacon's method of observing in matters relating to gravity, weight, and motion, betrays always the same want of clearness and the same incapacity. He adopts the ideas of Copernicus regarding gravity, for example ; but what he adds shows at once that he does not comprehend them ; and, where he has to employ them, he falls again into those of Aristotle. In addition to the example about the weight of a lump of ore in a mine and out of it, the following are given to show still more clearly what his ideas about gravity are. He is of opinion that it is important "to observe what bodies are susceptible of the motion of gravity, which ones of that of lightness, and finally, those which are neither light nor heavy."—(Top. Part. 2, sec. Cap. III.) And, further, the following

queries are proposed (*Id.* sub. 9 and 10). "If a piece of metal laid in the scale upon wool or an inflated bladder weigh as much as without such being under-laid!" If, "where one part of the beam (in a pair of scales) be longer than the other, both however being of the same weight, the longer part would sink when suspended?" From these questions we see that Bacon had no correct notion of the lever or of weight.

His conception of motion is quite in harmony with his theory of instances. He distinguishes the following: 1st. The motion of impenetrability;—this is the motion of matter for asserting its place. 2d. The motion of freedom, by which elasticity is characterised, as example of which a child's pop-gun is mentioned. 3d. The motion of connexion, or the horror of empty space. 5th. The motion towards acquisition, as when a sponge imbibes water and expels the air. 6th. The motion of collection on a large scale—as when bodies fall in order to be united with the earth. 7th. The motion of collection on a small scale—as when cream collects on the surface of milk, or the lees in wine. 9th. The motion of flight—as the aversion of saltpetre for fire, &c.

Every change or non-change of place is distinguished by Bacon as so many different sorts of motion, each of which has, of course, its own particular cause; of a connexion of well-known allied facts, that would lead to a simple conception of change of place, there is with him never any question. He knows of the experiment of Archimedes with the crown of Hiero; he knows that fat bodies are specifically lighter than water, and swim upon it; but the rising of cream on the surface of milk is unintelligible to him, and can only be *Motus congregationis minoris*. When the nose turns away from a bad smell, and a fit of sickness follows, this is *Motus fugæ*. The movement of the pulse and of the heart is *Motus trepidationis*. If water moves in drops, then *Motus congregationis majoris* is victorious over *Motus continuationis*, &c. And all these movements

take place because, according to Bacon, the bodies "wish," "are hungry," "are afraid of," because they "prefer," "invite," "are averse to," "are jealous of," &c. &c. Of a law of motion, a reciprocal attraction, in Newton's sense, of something that necessitated or enforced a motion, Bacon had not the remotest idea.

Many authors who have examined Bacon's method of investigation more minutely have not failed to remark that a fundamental error must be hidden in it, although they were unable to discover wherein it lay. Feuerbach was of opinion that the ruling and determining notion of Bacon's mind was that of the *quality* of bodies; and that the defect of his method consisted in this—that the notion of *quantity* was wholly wanting, which was the guiding principle of later natural philosophers, and is so of those of the present day. Were this correct, it would not be allowable to discard Bacon's method, because the natural philosopher must be well acquainted with the different occurrences in nature, with the qualities of things, and their relations to one another, before he can begin to measure or to determine by means of numbers. An investigation as to quantity will be determined by one of quality, which must precede it. The latter discovers the law; the former settles it. The fact that lead, gold, wood, stone, fall from the same height in the same space of time, preceded the ascertaining of the law of falling bodies. And this is just the fundamental error of Bacon's method, that it is fitted neither for an examination of the qualitative nor the quantitative; or, in other words, that it is not a method at all for the investigation of natural phenomena. That heat is propagated in two ways—by radiation and conductors—that metals are good conductors of heat, and wool and feathers bad ones—are ideas which are in no way connected with numbers; no more so, indeed, than those of specific and latent warmth, which first must be determined qualitatively before proceeding to measurement. It has been observed already

that Bacon's method of investigation can never lead to any of these conceptions of heat.

The faculty to ascertain exactly the qualities of things, or what is qualitative in any occurrence, presupposes a practised, impartial, and true power of perception—a quality which in Bacon is quite undeveloped. The perceptions of our senses are so infinitely numerous and manifold, that language wants words to distinguish them; and we, therefore, in order to denote certain resemblances or differences in impressions on our senses, take notions referring to one sense to assist our meaning with regard to another. Thus we speak of "tone" in painting, without thinking of anything audible; and, in like manner, custom applies to our sense of taste words relating to sensation. Of peppermint we say it has a "cooling" taste, ginger a "hot" one; while volatile oils we pronounce "burning." We might excuse a physician of the school of Galen who, a century earlier, ascribes such "hot" and "cooling" taste to innate heat and cold; but even he did not attribute a physical notion to the words; and, if Bacon does so, it only shows how little capacitated he was to be a reformer of physical science.

The causes of natural phenomena, the inner nature of things, are as little to be

perceived by the direct assistance of our senses as are the thoughts which direct men's actions. Nature, however, is will-less, and conceals nothing from us. The great art is to make her reveal her secrets. We begin our investigation of a fact, of an occurrence, or a peculiarity, by inquiring its origin. Each thing has a character of its own: we try to bring it into action, that we thence may recognise what it has that is peculiar. Is it an occurrence? we know that it must have a begetter, even as offspring; and, when we are acquainted with these, and are face to face with the fact, all further interrogatory arises of itself, and we are told what we want to know. We know, too, that if we wish to understand great things, we must begin with the small and seemingly unimportant ones that precede them; and the emptiness of Bacon's conclusions do not, therefore, appear to us enigmatical, because his thoughts and his conceptions with which he approaches things are wholly without substance, and have nothing in them. In all his explanations it is invariably Bacon that is the speaker; he never allows the things themselves to say a word. To be their interpreter it must be necessary for him to understand their language; and this is just the thing of which he is ignorant.

To be continued.

CONVOCATION AND DR. COLENZO

BY A LAY CHURCHMAN.

IN the course of last May, Convocation delivered itself of its judgment on the subject of Dr. Colenso and his book. To every one who cares for the interests of religion, or for those of the Church of England, such a judgment must have the greatest interest. Whatever else it is, the Church of England is an institution enjoying a landed revenue of some millions a year. It has great legal powers; it is one of the small number of liberal professions. Its

bishops are peers of Parliament; its inferior dignitaries, such as deans and canons, enjoy great social consideration; the bare fact that a man is in orders, is as much a certificate of his being a gentleman, as a commission in the army or navy. All this legal and social dignity is said by the clergy to be the least and lowest part of the true dignity of the Church—a sort of hem to the priest's robe. In a recent debate on the Act of Uniformity,

Dr. M'Caul declared, and some of his colleagues endorsed his assertion, that the Church is not supported by these things, but "rests solely upon the foundation of the Christian truth—in her holding and keeping the Catholic faith;" and this is the doctrine, not only of Convocation, but more or less of every private clergyman. In all discussions about subscriptions and tests it is assumed, generally speaking, on both sides, that it is the function of the clergy to teach the world—that they are the masters, and the laity the scholars—and that what they have to teach is matter of such unspeakable importance, that in comparison with it every other subject sinks into insignificance.

As we all know, these pretensions are very ancient. They have been made in all ages and countries since the Christian Era; and, wherever they were founded in fact, they have been admitted with almost pathetic readiness. The early Christian teachers not only converted the Roman Empire and its conquerors, but exercised the most vigorous authority over them after their conversion. The corruptions of Popery gradually sapped the power of the clergy, but after the Reformation they obtained over some of the most vigorous races in the world—for instance, over the Scotch—a degree of power even greater than that of which they had been dispossessed—power which went the length of regulating men's daily lives and the whole cast of their thoughts. This they did because they had it in them. They, like the early Christians, went upon the ground that they were right, and that, by an appeal to the recognised tests of truth and falsehood, they could make it evident that they were right; and they so far succeeded in this undertaking, that they were able to form great institutions upon the principles which they affirmed to be true, and to govern considerable sections of mankind by and through those institutions.

All the pretensions that ever were made by the clergy are still maintained. The Convocation of the Province of

Canterbury still calls itself a "sacred synod," and the General Assembly of the Kirk could not, in its most palmy days, have used stronger language as to the office and duty of the Church, than was used by Dr. M'Caul and Archdeacon Dennison with the applause of their hearers.

High pretensions are excellent things in their way. So long as one condition is fulfilled, men and institutions can hardly hold their heads too high or speak too vigorously. But that condition is indispensable—they must be as good as their words. If they are not, they merit, and will infallibly receive, contempt proportionate to the difference between their promise and their performance. The Church of England loudly claims to be the keeper of truth and the religious teacher of the nation; and Convocation as loudly claims to be its organ. Let them teach then. There never were more willing pupils than the laity; there never was a time when every educated man was more ready and anxious to hear, in perfect good faith, anything which the clergy have to say. If they would only take a lead, if they would but show the public that they do know their own business, that they have something reasonable to say on the subjects which occupy men's minds, they might make their own terms, for it is idle to conceal the fact that vital questions are at issue. A large proportion of the educated laity entertain grave doubts, founded on the sort of reasons on which they would act in any ordinary matter, as to the truth of large and important parts of the Bible. In all directions may be found quiet, respectable people who do not hesitate to say that their minds incline to the opinion that a great part of the Old Testament is not true, and that the same may be the case with much of the New Testament also. Those who say this are not mere youths blown about by every wind of doctrine, but sober men, who feel that it is destructive to common honesty to believe in geology and to pretend to believe all the Book of Genesis—who are impatient of the Old

Bailey sophistry by which certain writers attempt to explain away the contradictions in the Gospels, and who can come to no other conclusion than that parts of the Bible are true and other parts false, and that no one can tell which is which. Of course such a view is not pleasant, and those who hold it would gladly be shown that it is incorrect. They look, therefore, with natural anxiety, to see what the clergy, as represented by Convocation—the body who claim to be their teachers—have to say on the subject. What have they to say? The matter is pointedly brought before them. One of their own number publishes a book specifically assigning error after error in the Pentateuch; and how do they deal with him? The Lower House appoints a committee, which examines the book and reports upon it. The report extracts passages from the book, which they contrast with verses of the Bible and passages of the Prayer Book. These extracts show (1) That Dr. Colenso denies that “the Bible itself” (i.e. denies that the whole and every part of it) is God’s Word, whereas the Articles and the Prayer Book frequently use the expression “Word of God” for the Bible. (2) That Dr. Colenso denies that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whereas Christ spoke of Moses and the Prophets, and the Law of Moses, and of particular passages in the Old Testament as being contained in the Books of Moses. (3) That Dr. Colenso speaks of particular narratives as unhistorical which the New Testament recognises as historical. Upon all which the committee, “bearing in mind that it is not their province to pronounce definitively what “are or are not opinions heretical,” content themselves with submitting that the above three propositions “involve “errors of the gravest and most dangerous character, subversive of faith in “the Bible as the Word of God.”

The report then says, that “The “general tenor of the book, in that it “discourages a humble and childlike “faith, is contrary to the record of the “mind and words of our Blessed Lord “in the Gospel;” and it quotes the

passage about revealing to babes what is concealed from the wise and prudent. It goes on to say that the committee “insist upon the duty and “the advantage of bringing all the appliances of sound scholarship, and all “the real results of learned and scientific “investigation, to bear upon the books “of Holy Scripture;” and “they acknowledge the benefits of such a “course” (which, as they begin by insisting on the duty of it, is very kind of them) “when accompanied by earnest “prayer.” They then say that the manner in which the Bishop of Natal deals with the subject “is wholly at variance with “the legitimate use of the means and “instruments of knowledge in relation “to Holy Scripture; that it tends to “bring both science and learning into “disrepute and contempt,” and that it must be displeasing to God—or, as they prefer to put it, to “Him without “whose gracious help all study of the “Scripture is vain.” It is very characteristic that they consider a roundabout phrase more reverent than a plain word.

This report being carried in the Lower House, was laid before the Upper House, who, “having considered the report,” resolved that the book “involves errors “of the gravest and most dangerous “character, subversive of faith in the “Bible as the Word of God.” The second resolution declined further proceedings, on the ground that the matter might come before a court of law, and “affectionately warned” those who might not be able to read the answers of the Bishop of Natal’s opponents of “the dangerous character” of his work.

This is the substance of what Convocation has to say on the subject of the Bishop of Natal. No one doubts that both the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation contain men of ability and experience. All the bishops present on the occasion, except Bishop Thirlwall, joined in the resolutions of the Upper House; and Dean Alford and the Dean of Westminster were members of the committee which drew up the report of the Lower House. No friend of the Church of England can read it without

shame and sorrow. These accomplished and experienced clergymen have been but too wise in their generation. They have steered themselves through their difficulties with only too much address. They have, on the one hand, carefully avoided any approach to an answer to the book. That, no doubt, they had a right to do. They could fairly say—as in effect they have said—A great public body cannot condescend to controversy. They have also avoided “definitively pronouncing what opinions are or are not heretical,” though they affirm that Dr. Colenso’s propositions “involve errors of the gravest and most dangerous description.” This relieves them from all responsibility for any express opinion. No one can fix Convocation or its members with any doctrine about the Bible. Lastly, they have fallen foul of the spirit in which Dr. Colenso writes. The “general tenor” of his book “discourages a humble, childlike faith.” Then, though according to his lights, he has tried to bring scholarship, learning, and science to bear upon the Bible, his scholarship is not “sound,” his learning and science are not “real ;” his style must have offended God, and he cannot, they think, have prayed before he wrote his book, and he has brought “learning and science into disrepute and contempt.” To say all this is ease and safety itself. The general tenor of a book, the “soundness” of its scholarship, and the “reality” of its learning and science are matters of opinion, and very charitable persons may possibly believe that some of the committee thought that they were telling the truth when they blamed him for “bringing learning and science into disrepute and contempt.” It required a little more courage to express an opinion on the questions, whether he offended God by writing it, and whether he prayed about it, for these are questions of fact, on which Convocation has no special means of knowledge. All the rest of the report keeps out of harm’s way—no one can lay a finger upon it. It all comes to this, that the sacred synod does not like Dr. Colenso’s book,

and declines to say anything definite on the subject to which it refers.

Did it ever occur to those who composed this document, and who claim to be the teachers of the laity, that, safe as such a report may be, it is a very masterpiece of cowardice, and that, if they had wanted to impress the world at large with a sense of their own nullity and insignificance, no course could have produced that result so effectually? They have escaped responsibility, they have not committed themselves, and they have managed to combine this negative merit with a sideblow at Dr. Colenso. “We do not say specifically how or why you are wrong ; we do not say whether you are or are not obliged to believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, but “three of your propositions, which we “dare not condemn, ‘involve’ errors of the gravest kind.” When a general brings home his army without the loss of a single man, is he usually received with admiration? Are not people unkind enough to hint that he might as well have stayed at home? Did it want a sacred synod to tell us that bishops, deans, and archdeacons do not like Dr. Colenso’s book, and has Convocation said anything more? The *Saturday Review*, in its pleasant way, once pointed out the moral and intellectual affinities between women and clergymen. The clergy, said the gentle critic, are popular with women because they cannot be regarded as “regular men.” Convocation would seem to be determined to justify the taunt. They are too angry to hold their peace, and they dare not speak their minds. If they had been honest, they might have kept silence, or have said, “We do not know what to make of this question, and we shall not “interfere with it.” If they had been bold, they might have said, “The Bible “is all true, and it is deadly heresy to “doubt a word of it.” But, being neither honest nor bold, they could only turn up the whites of their eyes and falter out, “Oh, Dr. Colenso, what wicked “things you have said—mind, we do “not say what they are. God forbid. “We leave that to your own conscience.

"Oh, what a sad book you have written"—mind, there is no harm in writing books, and we like to see real learning and sound scholarship applied to the Bible; but you have brought science and learning into contempt, you bad man, and we are sure you can't have said your prayers before you wrote it." And so the maundering anathema fades away into a sort of choking sob, in which nothing can be distinguished but faint repetitions of the word "dangerous."

This is no caricature. It is simply a free version of the report; and it is but one of a thousand illustrations of the conduct by which the clergy are making themselves the objects of the contempt of the laity, and are teaching them to feel and to say that their high pretensions are mere idle words, and that they have nothing to say upon the most important subjects that can attract their attention.

The question on which the public at large want a direct peremptory yes or no from the clergy is as plain a question as the human mind can frame. Do they or do they not mean to assert that the whole of the Bible is true, and of Divine authority? In other words, is God Almighty pledged to the truth of every proposition contained in each and every one of the canonical books? No one can fail to appreciate the importance of the question; but it cannot be said to be difficult in the sense in which it is difficult to say what (for instance) are the provisions of International Law about effective blockades. It requires some courage to give a decisive answer upon it, but nothing else. It is hardly possible to suppose that it should not have presented itself to the minds of those whom it principally concerns; and, if they have sufficient energy to care to know their own minds, they must have decided it. They are fatally mistaken if they think that the laity do not understand the issue, or that they fail to appreciate and to draw inferences from the fact that the clergy, who claim to be their teachers, shrink from answering it fully. This is not the first occasion

on which great theological questions have been at issue. They have been continually agitated, from the days of the Council of Nice to those of the Council of Trent; and in earlier times they were not only agitated but settled, as far as authority could settle them. There is no mistake—no indecision about the Nicene or the Athanasian Creed. This is the doctrine of the Church—believe or be damned. Even in our own days the Pope himself is able to erect the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary into an article of faith. Why cannot the body, which claims to teach the laity, say with equal vigour whether or no the Bible is absolutely true? The simple answer is that they dare not say either "yes" or "no," or "we do not know." Is it the part of real teachers? is it the part of honest men? Can such a line of conduct be made compatible for any length of time with the maintenance of even that conventional respect which the clergy at present enjoy?

The timid silence of the clergy in general and of Convocation in particular on this subject is only half—and not the worst half—of their offence. It is bad enough that a sacred synod should not know its own mind on the principle which must stand first in their system, and lie at the foundation of it. It is sufficiently ludicrous that they, who claim to be guardians of Christian truth, should feel that it is not their duty to say definitively what opinions are heretical; for, if it is not their duty, whose is it? These things might be viewed with indulgence if they had only the sense to be quiet; but they will not. They dare not take the responsibility of legislation, and they cannot forgo the pleasure of condemnation. Those who have the courage to say what they believe themselves have earned a right to condemn others; but no position can be at once so ludicrous and contemptible as that of a body which condemns opinions which they do not like for differing from a standard which they dare not mention. Dr. Colenso says, The expression 'Word of God' as applied

to the Bible, must not be taken to mean that every statement contained in the Bible is made by God, for I can show that this, that and the other statement contained in it is not true. The report says, The Prayer-book frequently speaks of the Bible as God's word. Do they mean to affirm the proposition which Dr. Colenso denies? If they do, why not affirm it plainly, and take the responsibility? If they do not, why do they condemn Dr. Colenso? They are driven by a consciousness of this dilemma to try to pick holes in his style and scholarship, and to affect an interest in science and learning which they may possibly feel—for some of them, to their shame be it said, are learned men—but which can have no possible relation to this matter. No public body could disgrace itself more deeply.

The contrast between Convocation and the courts of law would be one of the most ludicrous parts of the matter—if so light a feeling as a sense of the ridiculous were compatible with the shame with which the impotent decrepitude of the clergy fills every layman who cares for the National Church. There is probably not a member of Convocation who would not concede that a certain latitude of opinion and discussion amongst the clergy, on theological subjects, is not only permissible but desirable. No sane man would contend that all the clergy hold, or ought to hold, precisely the same views upon all theological questions. What, then, are the limits of this permissible divergence? The only intelligible answer which can be given to this is, "Those which the laws of the Church permit." But what are the laws of the Church? The Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer-book, as expounded by the Ecclesiastical Courts. Now, whatever may be the case with particular expressions in his works, there can be no doubt that the substance of what Dr. Colenso has said has been decided to be perfectly lawful by the decision of the Court of Arches, against which there has been no appeal.

Convocation fixes upon three points of

Dr. Colenso's book, as involving errors of the gravest and most dangerous character. It says, in the first place, that Dr. Colenso does not believe that every proposition in the Bible is of Divine authority, and this it opposes to those passages in the Prayer-book in which the Bible is called the Word of God. Dr. Lushington, in the *Essays and Reviews* case, expressly held, that the effect of those passages in the Prayer-book and Articles was "to impose" (upon the clergy) "the obligation of acknowledging that the Bible, in matters essential to salvation, is the written Word of God." He further held, that Mr. Wilson had a legal right to say, "Those who are able to do so, ought to lead the less educated to distinguish between the different kinds of words which it" (the Bible) "contains—between the dark patches of human passion and error, which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within."

The second proposition objected to Dr. Colenso is a denial that Moses wrote the Pentateuch. Dr. Lushington distinctly held, that Dr. Williams had a right to deny the reputed authorship of the Second Epistle of Peter, and of the Book of Daniel.

The third proposition is, that Dr. Colenso spoke of narratives as unhistorical, which are recognised in the New Testament as historical. It was held in the *Essays and Reviews* case, that the clergy are at liberty to receive any passage either as mythical or legendary, or to consider it untrue, unless it relates to a matter necessary to salvation, and (apparently) recognised as such in the Articles or Prayer-book.

In these main points, therefore, Dr. Colenso is clearly within the law of the land. No doubt it was perfectly competent to Convocation to say, "We do not care for the law of the land; we look to truth, and we say this is untrue, whether legal or not;" but then, as has been already shown, they ought to have been prepared to lay down what was true. They shelter themselves from this responsibility by a tacit reference

to the law. "It is not our part to say definitively what opinions are heretical"—a reservation which obviously means, That is a question for the courts of law; yet they will not be guided by the law. They want to have it both ways. The existence of courts of law is to relieve them from the responsibility of saying what is heretical and what is not. The decision of a court of law is thrown to the winds when its effect is to justify the man whom they dislike. "You lawyers," they say, "shall save us from the responsibility of deciding, but you shall not deprive us of the pleasure of condemning." They cannot bear to sacrifice either the prestige of a church by law established, or the petty gratifications of bigotry which may be enjoyed by the leaders of a voluntary sect.

The practical conclusion which all this meanness and cowardice suggests to laymen is clear enough. The clergy, who profess to be their teachers, have nothing to say on the most important subject on which their testimony is required. They have no definite doctrine about the Bible. There is hardly a man amongst them of any reputation who will venture to say that the Bible is absolutely true throughout, and no one can even suggest any medium between that proposition and the proposition that every part of it is open to criticism. It is very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to believe that some at least of those who condemn Dr. Colenso differ from him radically. Does the Bishop of Oxford, for instance, really believe that the Israelites left Egypt to the number of upwards of two million souls, and that that vast population did actually travel through the desert in the manner stated in the Book of Exodus? Dr. Milman clearly does not. In the preface to his last edition of the *History of the Jews* he says plainly that he believes no such thing. "Maintain the numbers as they stand, I see no way, without one vast continuous miracle, out of the difficulties, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities. Reduce them, and all becomes credible, consistent, and

"harmonious." Dr. Milman does not suggest that they ought to be reduced, for he takes the bold and honest course of saying that he does not believe in the truth of the whole and every part of the Bible; but those who might be inclined to make the reduction ought to ask themselves on what grounds they do so, and whether, when the truth of any other testimony was at issue, they would begin by striking out everything which rendered it doubtful? Of course, by that means, every part of the Bible may be upheld. Assume once for all, that it means the truth, whatever that may be, and its meaning may be ascertained by independent inquiry into the truth. When you have found out by other means that, say 30,000 Israelites, left Egypt, or that the world has lasted for millions of ages, you may, if you like, add, that in the Bible 3,000,000 means 30,000, and six days millions of ages. But this is mere child's play; it cannot satisfy a serious mind for a moment. Either the Bible is true in the plain sense of its words, or else it is not. There can be no medium; and, if the clergy really mean to say that it is all true, they should lose no time in saying so plainly. If the Bishop of Oxford would say in public, "I believe that the world was made in six days, about six thousand years ago—I believe that Methuselah lived 969 years—I believe that the flood happened precisely as it is said to have happened, and that the number of Israelites who left Egypt was 603,000 fighting men besides women and children," he would put himself in a better position than he now occupies, especially if he had the courage to show his sincerity by calling upon the Sacred Synod to deal to the Dean of St. Paul's the same measure as it has dealt to the Bishop of Natal. The *History of the Jews* contains a score of passages as strong as anything written by Dr. Colenso; but they are written by a man to whom the public is accustomed—a man who is one of the greatest ornaments of the Church—a man who lives upon terms of personal

intimacy with the most distinguished part of English society; and what bishop has taken alarm at his book, or forbidden him to preach in his diocese? Is it honourable, is it English, to treat a Colonial Bishop with every sort of contumely for saying that which a distinguished English Dean is allowed to say with impunity? Dr. Colenso is certainly not equal in a literary point of view to Dr. Milman, but is the Sacred Synod moved by this? Do they sit as writers, or theologians? Or is it really true, after all, that what they lament is, the absence in the Bishop of Natal's work of "real" science and "sound" scholarship—that they would like him better if he was an Ewald or a Renan? What a satisfaction it must be to them to know that Dr. Milman's book does inculcate a humble, childlike faith, though he says in so many words that he believes the story of the sun and moon standing still to be "pure poetry," and though on many occasions he treats the questions discussed by the Bishop of Natal as matters which may be decided either way without affecting the interests of Christianity.

It is perfectly useless, as a general rule, to warn any body of men, and especially any body of clergymen, of the consequences of their policy; but a recent memorable precedent might warn the clergy of the present day, if they were capable of being warned, of the probable results of their conduct. About twenty-five years have passed since the Tractarian party was in the prime of its power. Its leading members were men of great ability—one of them might even be called a man of genius. They fought against acknowledged evils; and yet they so completely lost credit with the public that, in the present day, their opinions are as much exploded as those of any other bygone sect. Why was this? It was because the public at large saw clearly that, with all their ability, they were mere trimmers, halting between two opinions. It was said, with truth, 'Be either Papists or Pro-

testants, but you cannot be both. An Anglo-Catholic is hot ice and marvellous strange snow.' All the metaphysical cobwebs which men like Dr. Newman delighted in spinning melted before this dilemma. It presses now with equal weight on a more numerous party. There are two consistent and intelligible views in relation to this controversy, and there are no more. A man may either say the Bible is absolutely true, all through, and no man shall doubt or deny a word of it; or he may say the whole is open to criticism like any other book. It is a question of detail, and of specific argument and evidence, whether any particular statement contained in it, however important, is true or not. Of course it is easy to fight against this; but it is the plain result of the whole controversy, and it is better to face it manfully than to wear out one's soul in vain attempts to evade it. The public understand it plainly enough, whether the clergy do or not; and, if the clergy are too timid to take their sides like men, and to act upon their opinions vigorously and openly, they may, and probably will escape a good deal of present obloquy, but they will utterly forfeit the respect of all the intelligent part of the nation. They will gradually fall into the contemptible position of male duennas, whose business it is, not to teach men the most important of all lessons, but to talk petty propriety to such women and children as men are weak enough to allow to listen. This is a position which, with a system of external observances and auricular confession, may be so worked as to put a good deal of power into clerical hands; but it is not a position for gentlemen and men of honour. In proportion as the clergy drift towards it, whether under the guidance of Sacred Synods, or otherwise, they will see the Church fall into the hands of ignorant and vulgar teachers, and will witness, with helpless regret, its gradual desertion by every one who has a heart in his breast or brains in his head.